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Vol. 32 FEBRUARY, 1929 No. 4

Religion and Science

PROF. JAMES L. BARKER

Questions Considered

J. M. SJODAHL

Heroes Buried at Sea

HENRY SMITH

CHAMBERLAIN TAKES OFF

CLAUDE C. CORNWALL

MAINTAINING LAW AND ORDER

H. C. SINGER

STORIES—AN INDIAN EXPERIENCE —WHICH WAY?

ELLEN L. JAKEMAN—ELSIE H. BUCHANAN



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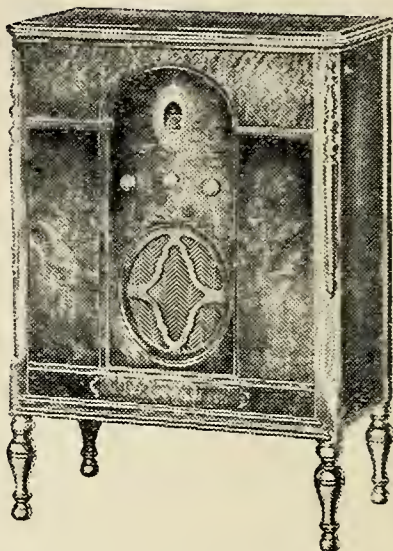
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IMPROVEMENT ERA

FEBRUARY, 1929

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Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Young Men's
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the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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EDITOR'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

Prof. James L. Barker, of the University of Utah, furnished the leading article for this issue. The question of the relationship of science to religion is always an interesting one, and Prof. Barker approaches the subject from a new angle.

Mrs. Mary C. Kimball's article on Herbert Hoover, as a captain of industry, is concluded in this number. The story of this unusual man is a most fascinating one and will be read with profit by all. Furthermore, it is intended that the Hoover article is to supplement the manual, "Captains of Industry."

*The picture of Keith W. Burt, who found a grave in the ocean when the *Vestris* sank, together with a brief account of his life, is presented herewith. This has seemed an appropriate time, also, to give a few facts concerning the lives of all our missionaries who have been buried at sea.*

Dr. F. S. Harris' short article on Air is the second of a series in which some of the common things will be treated. Dr. Harris is presenting facts with which all should be acquainted, and is doing it so clearly that none should have difficulty in understanding them.

*Elder Claude Cornwall, a member of the M. I. A. General Board, who is recreation director of the United States Lines, has made more than fifty trips across the Atlantic. He sends us pictures and a short account of Clarence D. Chamberlain's amphibian aeroplane, which was lowered from the deck of the *Leviathan* and then took off from the Cherbourg harbor.*

February 12, being the Birthday of Abraham Lincoln, the Era presents a picture of the great Emancipator, and practically all of his second inaugural address. This, like most of Lincoln's

utterances, is an example of simple yet forceful English. It is a literary gem. Those who are familiar with it will gladly read it again; if any of our readers are unfamiliar they should certainly study it.

Can You Answer These Questions?

What per cent of the world's population resides in the United States?

What is the per capita wealth in the United States?

What in Belgium?

What is the comparative labor output in the United States and in China?

How many invisible slaves are working for you through the utilization of machinery?

These questions are answered in Dr. Peterson's article, "The Great American Inheritance," in the December number.

When will the world's food production be less than food consumption? Page 121, December number.

Why is water so valuable in preventing rapid climatic changes? Page 213, January number.

How old was Herbert Hoover when he became an orphan? Page 216, January.

How did Vermont get its name? Page 195, January.

How many "Mormon" missionaries have died in the Turkish (now the Armenian) mission? Page 179, January.

How many have been buried at sea? Page 278, this issue.

Who was the first man in this dispensation to be baptized in the kingdom of Saxony, Germany? Page 251, January.

Who wrote "The Soul of China?" Page 340, this issue.

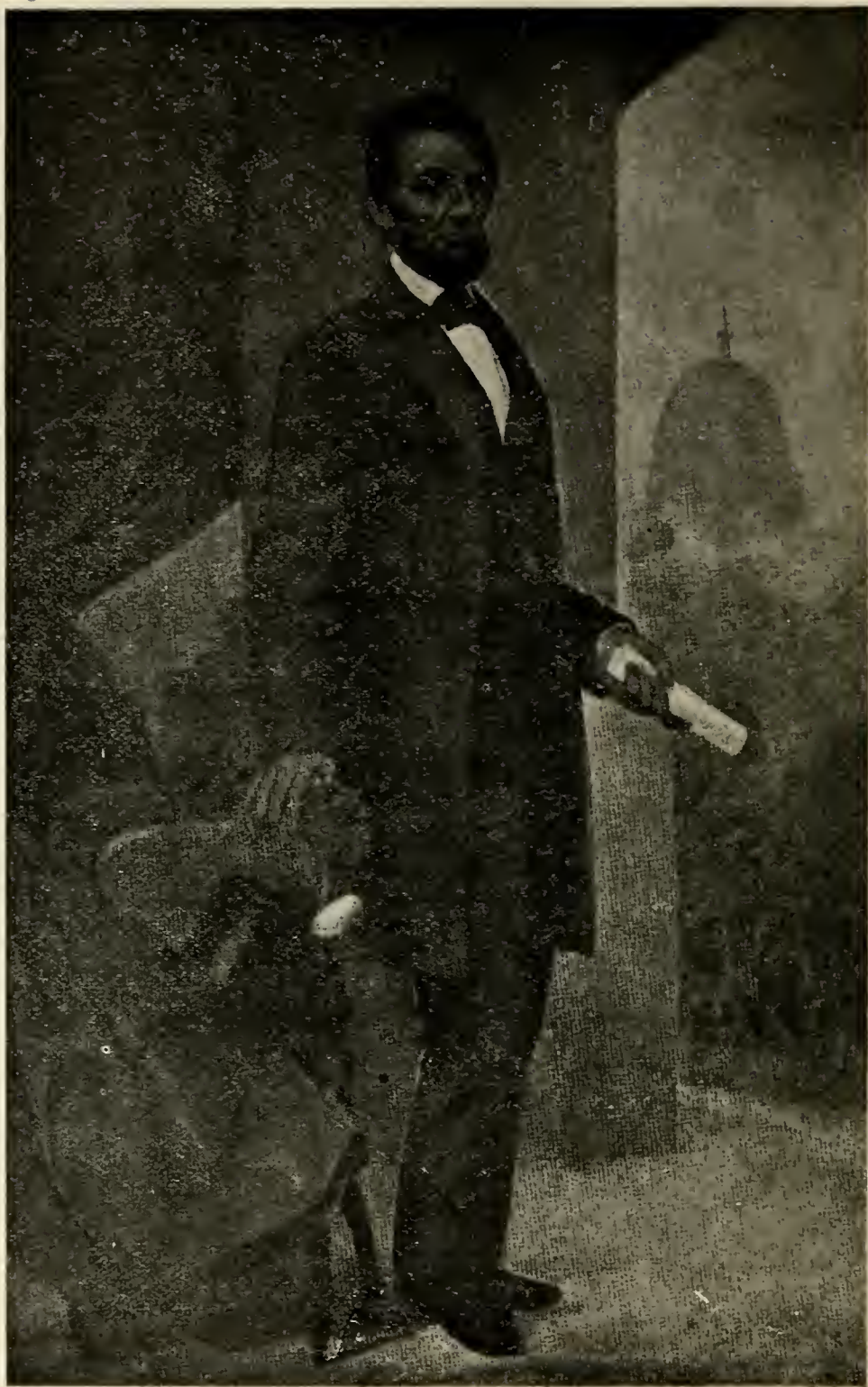
FROM PRESIDENT ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it, all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to *saving* the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to *destroy* it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union and divide effects by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war, but one of them would *make* war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would *accept* war rather than let it perish, and the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union even by war, while the Government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it. Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the *cause* of the conflict might cease with, or even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces, but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses; for it must needs be that offenses come, but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

March 4, 1865



A. Lincoln



VOL. XXXII

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No. 4

Religion and Science

A COMPARISON AND A CONTRAST

BY PROF. JAMES L. BARKER, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH

NEW discoveries in science are usually accepted, though not always, within a short time after they are made. One hundred years after the Prophet Joseph began giving new religious truths to the world, his teachings are accepted by only a very small part of the earth's population; and, a hundred years after His death, the mission of the Savior had met with no more general favor. Why this difference in the readiness with which the world accepts scientific and religious truth? Is it that scientific truth can be tested and, on the contrary, religious truth can not?

It is generally agreed that it is possible to test much, if not all, of scientific theory. Is it likewise possible to test the beliefs of religion? If religious belief can be tested, wherein do methods of evaluating and testing truth in science and religion agree and wherein do they differ? If science and religion are in harmony, will they continue to be in accord tomorrow and next year?

Religion is held by some in less high regard than formerly because they think that its beliefs are in conflict with science. Others point out an essential agreement in the facts of religion and science. Be that as it may, it would seem that it is not sufficient to indicate an agreement at any given moment in order to reconcile religion and science, but rather a demonstration is needed that eventually there can be no conflict and consequently any disagreement that may possibly exist today or tomorrow can not be vital.

Temporary disagreement alone does not seem to be fatal either in religion or science. In religion there have been conflicting beliefs: during the life time of Jesus, the Gospel was thought to be for the children of Israel only; after the vision given to Peter, it was preached to the Gentiles; before the time of the Savior, signs were sometimes given to demonstrate the divine calling of the servants of God. Aaron's rod was changed to a serpent, the false prophets were consumed by fire; on the contrary, Jesus condemned those who should seek after a sign.

In science, progress may be said to be achieved by a series of disagreements: an old theory is confronted with a new one at variance with it and frequently has to make place for it. The belief that the earth is flat is confronted with the theory that the earth is round. The philosophy that the universe consists of four elements, earth, water, air and fire, has no longer any but historical interest. The accepted belief in the indivisibility of the atom is shaken by the electron theory, etc.

Within the same science, conflicts are constantly found. Usually one of the contradictory views is finally accepted and the other rejected, or it may happen that neither gains ultimate favor and both make way for a third, which in turn may yield to another and so on through the course of the centuries.

Again there are conflicts between science and science. The French philosopher Auguste Comte regarded the reconciliation of such conflicts as the chief task of philosophy. Such a fundamental conflict between bacteriology and that particular theory of evolution which involves the stipulation of spontaneous generation, is presented in the following quotation:

"Of all the problems with which man's mind has wrestled the most perplexing is that concerned with the origin of life, embracing as it does the problems of humanity's own origin. Even before science came into being, the most daring thinkers of every age attempted to find some explanation of it. * * * So long as man imagined a Creator under human form he supposed the gods to be creators of all living things. * * * As time went on it was thought that natural forces were in themselves capable of causing germination, under the action of the sun's rays, either in the secret depths of the ocean or in the bosom of the earth—so often regarded as the great mother of all being—were capable of forming themselves into organisms. To this, the doctrine of spontaneous generation, Joly, Archimede, Pouchet and Musset attempted to give scientific form. It was the doctrine that Aristotle had already advanced; it had been accepted by Lamarck; defended against Pasteur by scientists such as Musset, Joly, and Pouchet, favored by the medical men, extolled by the most materialistic philosopher, it finally took on, in the nineteenth century, a quasi-scientific air.

"It must be admitted that though the remarkable experimental researches of Pasteur opened up unforeseen perspectives to medicine and surgery and provided curative art with a new kind of precision and new methods with inexhaustible possibilities, *they were*, at the same time, *the source of endless difficulties for the scientific philosophy of the day.* * * * the new thinkers argued that if protoplasm really existed * * * it might be obtained artificially by chemical processes. * * * *All this beautiful dream the experiments of Pasteur threatened to destroy at one blow.* * * * *To [reject] the foolish theory of spontaneous generation was to undermine the whole doctrine of evolution which had proved so satisfactory to man's reason and had, moreover, been substantiated by so many facts.*"¹

¹*The Earth Before History*, Perrier, Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1925, pp. 59-73. Italics mine.

Such conflicts are not found in the known facts of the different sciences, but in the deductions drawn from the facts. Pasteur's experiments led to the conclusion that spontaneous generation has no basis in fact. This conclusion "was the source of endless difficulties for the scientific philosophy of the day." To [reject] the foolish theory of spontaneous *generation was to undermine the whole doctrine of evolution* * * * ²

Conflicts of this kind must cease to exist if, and only when, both theories are tested by experience. If only one of the theories is ever tested by experience and the other remains an apparent but unconfirmed logical deduction from known facts, then the contradiction may continue indefinitely.

Though a disagreement in conclusions leaves the mind unsatisfied, the conflict is much more serious when it consists of the manner or methods of arriving at conclusions themselves. This fundamental conflict in methods exists between the science of the Middle Ages and the science of today; between the Apostolic Church and the churches of the Middle Ages; between science and most, though not all, of the churches today.

The scholastic science of the Middle Ages was based largely on tradition, authority, and logical deductions uncontrolled by experiment or experience. The traditions handed down from the time of the Apostolic Church and the scriptures were authoritative in theology. "From the thirteenth century to the Renaissance, the church regarded Aristotle as the father of the dialectic, the model for metaphysical thinking, and the encyclopedia of science."³

Isolated opinions, such as the following, were in accord with modern scientific method and in irreconcilable conflict with the methods of the scholastics: "In 1348, a bachelor of theology, Nicolas of Autricuria, had the boldness to present the following theses to the Sorbonne: (1) We shall easily and quickly reach certain knowledge, if we abandon Aristotle and his commentaries, and devote ourselves to the study of nature itself. * * * ⁴"

Bacon called attention "to the barrenness of the scholastic *logomachies*, the necessity of observing nature and of studying the languages, but he recognizes, even more clearly than his namesake of the sixteenth century, the capital importance of mathematical deduction as an auxiliary of the experimental method."⁵

"The two maxims of Galileo's method were: (1) science must

²Ibid., pp. 60, 61.

³*History of Philosophy*, H. E. Cushman, Houghton Mifflin Co., Vol. II, p. 21.

⁴*History and Philosophy*, Weber, Longmans Green and Co., London, 1908, p. 257.

⁵Ibid., p. 258.

be independent of all authority except itself; and (2) all inference must be derived from observation and experiments.”⁶

The religion of Luther and the religion of the Catholic church were in essential harmony as to method with scholastic science, and both religion and scholastic science were in sharp conflict with the religious method of the Apostolic Church, with the scientific method of Galileo, Bacon, and all precursors of modern science.

These conflicts in scientific method are much more fundamental and, consequently, more vital than mere contradictory conclusions resulting from the application of the methods. Likewise differences in beliefs and dogmas, though disquieting, are less serious than a conflict of method. The conflict in method is basic, so basic that in science conflicting results obtained by the application of a false method would have little interest other than that of curiosity. Though the Pharisees and the Sadducees were disagreed as to the doctrine of the resurrection, there existed only a negligible gap between them as compared with the gulf which separated both of them from Jesus: they differed from each other only in doctrine and manner of living, both of them relying on the authority of tradition and the scriptures; but from Jesus and his disciples they differed fundamentally as to the means of arriving at the truth: Peter and Paul had seen the risen Christ, received visions and enjoyed the companionship and the revelations of the Holy Ghost. They spoke from experience and consequently, like the Master, as “having authority.”

On the whole the methods of the churches have remained “scholastic,” depending on tradition, authority (of the church or of the scriptures) and on logical deduction. Science has abandoned the scholastic method and developed the method of Galileo. However, in both science and religion, the tendency is always present to go beyond the known facts and to draw conclusions that have not been verified by experiment or experience.

Just as science had known something of the experimental method before the age of scholasticism, so at various times during the periods covered by the Old and New Testaments, religion, too, was based on experience. Only science and religion that are based on experience can definitely be known to be true; the religion and the science that are based on tradition, authority and logical deduction *uncontrolled by experience* are so subject to error that they may be regarded as unprogressive and false, and are usually found in a sterile age.

If true religion as well as true science is based on experience, can religious belief be tested like the theories of science, or is there a difference? What is this difference, if any, and does it explain the com-

⁶*History of Philosophy*, Cushman, Houghton Mifflin Co., Vol. II, p. 43, 44.

paratively slow acceptance of religious belief as compared with that of scientific theory? It may be well to look a little more closely at the methods of both.

In science as well as in religion new truth is usually announced to the world by a single individual. In publishing his work he makes a statement of his observations and experiments and of his results and conclusions. Readers of the article, having the necessary previous training, interest and confidence in the scientist, may repeat the observations and experiments. If the results are the same, they accept the truth of the discovery; if no results or different results are obtained, they are inclined to conclude there has been some error or omission in repeating the observations and experiments. But, if checked by a number of observers and experimenters until all possibility of error in the experiments is excluded and the results pointed out are not obtained, the conclusion is then reached that no new truth has been discovered.

A discovery in pure science is first accepted by everybody, if at all, on the testimony of the original discoverer; afterwards, this acceptance or belief becomes knowledge for the individuals who personally perform the same experiments with identical results; for all others it continues to remain belief (or disbelief) based on testimony.

In applied science, a new invention may be demonstrated in part to a passive or even unwilling subject, for example the phonograph, the incandescent light bulb, the radio, hydraulic four-wheel brakes, etc. Nevertheless, even here it is easy to exaggerate the passivity of the subject. When the phonograph was first demonstrated to the French Academy of Sciences, there were cries of "charlatan" and of "fraud." A certain personal examination was necessary to convince the French savants that they were not the victims of a clever and unscrupulous ventriloquist.

In accepting discoveries in pure science, the intellect alone is ordinarily concerned. The individual who faces the acceptance or rejection of the new discovery is not affected economically or otherwise. Rarely is he affected in his reputation, prejudices, etc., i. e., rarely is his will concerned. When his will is concerned in pure science, acceptance is slow as in the case of some of the discoveries of Pasteur. In applied science, the economic interests (and hence the will) are concerned; often new inventions are frankly accepted only when patents expire. Are all kinds of automobile brakes, all radios, all washing machines equally efficient, or are the makers ignorant as to which are the best? Why did some automobile manufacturers advertise that the electric self-starter, four-wheel brakes, etc., were premature and unreliable? Is it not obviously because their product was not so equipped and an admission of the superiority of a rival

machine would have diminished their sales? Wherever the will is involved in pure science (and that is only rare) or in applied science (and that is usually the case) acceptance is slow; wherever the intellect alone to the exclusion of the will is involved, acceptance is ready and rapid, frequently without much scrutiny of the evidence.

New religious truths are first learned, though not always, from the experience of one individual. Peter alone saw the cloth full of unclean beasts let down from heaven; Paul alone had the vision as to the fate of the ship on the way to Rome and even he alone saw and heard *all* that occurred in the vision on the way to Damascus; Joseph Smith alone had the first vision in which he saw both the Father and the Son; Moses alone had the vision on Mount Sinai. Moses testified as to the will of God and others were under the necessity of believing or rejecting his testimony; to confirm the testimony, signs were given apparently to good and bad alike, the will being involved but little or not at all.

In the new dispensation, the account of Peter, supported by scripture and the testimony of the other apostles: "And we are witnesses of all things which he did both in the land of the Jews, and in Jerusalem; whom they slew and hanged on a tree; him God raised up the third day and shewed him openly; not to all the people, but unto witnesses chosen before of God, even to us, who did eat and drink with him after he rose from the dead, and he commanded us to preach unto the people, and to testify that it is he which was ordained of God to be judge of the quick and the dead" (Acts 10:39-44), was believed by many of the assembled multitude on the day of Pentecost, since they "were pricked in their heart, and said unto Peter and to the rest of the apostles, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?"

Now, here, just as in science, the account of those who had had the experience could be accepted by others, but those who had thus accepted their testimony could not *know* for themselves until they had had a similar or the same experience. As the scientist indicates how his results may be obtained, so Peter indicated likewise how the gift of the Holy Ghost could be obtained; "Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." Acts 2:37, 38. Because the twelve had already done these things, they had been told: "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." Acts 1:8. It was by this same means of repentance, etc., that the hearers of Peter received the confirming testimony of the Holy Ghost, changing their belief to knowledge in fulfillment of the words of

Peter: "And we are witnesses of these things: and so is also the Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to them that obey him." Acts 5:32.

In religion the will is involved even more constantly and completely than in science. This is recognized in the scriptures: "Gloria in altissimis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis. (Glory in the highest to God and on earth peace to men of good will)." Latin Vulgate, Luke 2:13, 14. And it would appear that the Gospel of Christ could bring peace to no others: it could not bring peace to Judas.

When the rich young man was asked to sell all he possessed, to give it to the poor and to follow Jesus, the young man's will was seriously involved. But that is perhaps exactly what Peter and James and John and the others of the twelve had already done. In the Savior's personal ministry, his will was involved even unto death.

It is especially in the process of arriving at the truth that the difference between science and religion is greatest. As already seen in pure science the will is involved less than in applied science, but in both it is easily possible to test the truth though with the intention of denying it afterwards. For example, an automobile manufacturer could test the relative efficiency of his brakes as compared with those of a rival company, learn that the rival brakes were superior and continue to advertise to the public that his machines were provided with the best brakes on earth. His good or bad will or the purpose to which he desires to put his knowledge would in no way affect the experiment.

In religion, repentance is an essential part of the experiment or experience. Things done must be left undone, weaknesses overcome, and the believer's will subjected to the will of the Heavenly Father, and to the degree only that this is done is it possible to test religious truth. The will is involved in the very process of arriving at the truth itself.

Were the will not involved in arriving at the truth, our decisions as to right and wrong conduct in life would have but little ethical value. If without doing right, without obedience to the will of God, without apparent sacrifice, we could know that Jesus is the Christ and that God is our Heavenly Father, we would tend to calculate selfishly which line of conduct would be most to our advantage and act accordingly. Pascal's famous wager in his "Pensees" would indicate that there is some tendency to do this as it is: Pascal thought that if he bet that God existed and acted as if God was, he had made a good bet because if he lost the bet and God did not exist, he would lose nothing anyway; but if he should win the

bet and God does exist, he would win everything. Such a wager probably has no religious or ethical value.

For the same reason it is clear why witnesses to the resurrection of Christ, to the Book of Mormon, etc., are given. It is likewise clear why compacts between two individuals that the one who dies first shall return and visit the other can not be kept, why spiritualism striving to learn concerning the after-life with methods other than those affecting the will can not be of God. Had Jesus forced the knowledge that he is the Christ on mankind by appearing in splendor and power to all the world; were it possible and were men given the knowledge that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God by permitting all the world to examine the plates; were it possible to obtain knowledge of things divine in any way that would not involve the will in the experiment; then the prime condition of our coming to this earth—our previous memory being taken away—would be destroyed, and our choice of the path of conduct would not have the same ethical value that it now has.

The element of the will in making the religious experiment largely explains the fact that members of a church based on individual experience have different experiences—testimonies; one is sure he does not know, another is in doubt whether he knows or not, another is certain he knows, etc.; a young man has been baptized, but says he has no testimony—no personal experience confirming his belief. If to change his will were as easy as to turn the controls on the radio, all would be easy. Going to the radio and turning the dial, he is sure at a given moment that he hears only the hum that indicates life in the receiver; a slight turn of the “clarifier” and at moments he thinks words he can not distinguish are indistinctly audible; a better tuning of the wave length and he knows that a station, though only partly intelligible, is “coming in;” a further slight adjustment and a twist of the “volume control” and all is certainty and clarity. Should the station be distant and should he not be able to get it again, he may in time doubt that he had ever obtained it.

In the religious experiment, the “controls” are involved with the will: “peace on earth to men of good will,” “and so is also (a witness) the Holy Ghost whom God hath given to them that obey him.” Progressively the believer passes from doubt to uncertainty, to clarity in the measure that he “does the will:” leaves that which is contrary to the will of God, yields obedience to all the requirements of service: tithing, service in the Priesthood at home and in the mission field. We wonder at the certainty of the experience of Joseph Smith, Wilford Woodruff, Paul, we should marvel at their will in action which made the experience (testimony) possible. Such

a will *in action* makes possible the experience of Paul: "But I certify you brethren, that the Gospel which was preached of me is not after man. For I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by revelation of Jesus Christ." Galatians 1:11, 12.

Some are stopped very early in the religious experiment. They are willing to do what God requires but object to any requests for service being made by their bishop, president of the stake or of the Church. As long as they maintain the position, their "good will" is never in action and the religious experience that gives the knowledge called a testimony is impossible.

In science, the intellect is chiefly involved; the will¹ is not concerned in arriving at the truth, but only in recognizing it afterwards; in religion, the will is involved in the very means of arriving at the truth, and the religious experience is possible only in the degree that one has "good will." The means of arriving at the truth—experience—is the same in both, but since science will serve any will, good or bad, it suits all purposes, and tends towards universal acceptance. With religion, we shall judge ourselves: "their condemnation shall be that they loved darkness better than light."

As long as we live short human lives, our experience and consequently our knowledge must be incomplete and experiences rarely and deductions frequently may seem contradictory. However, real, permanent conflict will exist only between true science and false science, true religion and false religion, true religion and false science, true science and false religion.

But between that science and that religion that are based on experience there can ultimately be no conflict, and in both fields the truth may be pursued, taking care to distinguish between experimental fact, or experience, and inference, with the consciousness that truth is only one.

¹In an ethical or altruistic sense.

America has proved that it is practicable to elevate the mass of mankind—that portion which in Europe is called the laboring, or lower, class—to raise them to self-respect, to make them competent to act a part in the great right and great duty of self-government; and she has proved that this may be done by education and the diffusion of knowledge. She holds out an example a thousand times more encouraging than ever was presented before to those nine-tenths of the human race who are born without hereditary fortune or hereditary rank.—*Daniel Webster.*

Heroes Buried at Sea

BY HENRY SMITH



ELDER KEITH W. BURT WHO WENT DOWN
WITH THE "VESTRIS"

ARE the missionaries of our Church specially guarded as they go unselfishly into the world to proclaim the restored Gospel? The recent sinking of the ill-fated *Vestris*, in which one Latter-day Saint missionary, Keith W. Burt, lost his life and another, David H. Huish, was miraculously rescued from a watery grave, has given rise on all sides to the foregoing question.

When one remembers the many thousands who have gone from headquarters into strange lands, meeting the changes in climate, food, etc., one must certainly answer this question in the affirmative, in view of the exceedingly small percentage of fatalities.

It is not intended in this article to offer an excuse for the *Vestris* disaster or for the loss of the life of the "Mor-

mon" elder or of the scant few who have preceded him in death while traveling to and from their fields of labor or while serving diligently in the mission field. The intention is to review briefly just a few of the tragedies involving our missionaries while away from their homes and loved ones.

Of the many thousands of elders sent out into the world as missionaries during the existence of the Church, the records show that approximately 400 have died while stationed in the various mission fields or while traveling. Of this number, three have met death by accident and four have died while at sea, and their bodies were lowered into the ocean as a final resting place. A number of elders from various causes have died and have been interred at the place of their death.

The most recent, and perhaps the most tragic, of the three accidental deaths was the one of Elder Keith W. Burt, bound for the South American mission, who was listed among the 111 missing passengers of the steamship *Vestris*, which sank in November, off the Virginia capes.

Elder Burt was born in Cardston, Alberta, Canada, on September 19, 1908, the son of William W. and Edith Wynder Burt. He traveled from Salt Lake City to New York in company with Elder David H. Huish and, on the afternoon of November 10, boarded the S. S. *Vestris*, en route with Elder Huish to the South American mission. When two days out from land the vessel, which had been in distress for many hours, sank before many of the passengers and crew were able to leave the sinking vessel in life boats.

According to the account of the accident told in the *Era* of last month by Elder Huish, the last seen of Elder Burt was when he was cast from a life boat which had not been loosened as the big ship turned over and settled into the ocean with a mighty plunge.

The first and only other fatal accident to missionaries was the explosion of the boiler of the steamer *Ada Hancock*, on April 27, 1863, which resulted in serious loss of life. Among those killed were Elders Thomas Atkinson and Hiram S. Kimball, two Latter-day Saint missionaries bound for the Sandwich Islands to do missionary work among the natives.

Elder Atkinson was born September 9, 1810, in Mansfield, New Jersey, the son of Collin and Nancy Atkinson. Elder Kimball was a Utah pioneer of 1850, and was the son of Phineas and Abigail Kimball.

Both elders were set apart and blessed as missionaries to the Sandwich Islands on March 1, 1863, by Apostles John Taylor and Wilford Woodruff. They left Salt Lake together and boarded the *Ada Hancock*, a small vessel employed as a tender in carrying passengers from the wharf at San Pedro, California, to the steamer *Senator*, which at that time was at anchor in deep water about five miles from the landing.

While nearing the larger steamer, which was to carry them to their fields of labor, the boiler in the steam room of the small boat exploded, killing forty of the passengers and crew, including the two missionaries.

Because of existing laws and customs in various foreign countries in which missions are established, a number of the elders have of necessity been buried at the place of their death. But the Church records show that only four of the missionaries, during the long period since its restoration, have departed from this earthly existence

while on board a ship at sea, and found a final grave at the bottom of the ocean.

Superstitious beliefs of the sailors or inadequate embalming facilities have in the past made it almost impossible for a body to be carried on board ship longer than twenty-four hours after death.

The first "Mormon" elder to die and be buried at sea was Knowlton F. Hanks. Elder Hanks left Nauvoo June 1, 1843, after being set apart for the Pacific Islands mission, and on October 9, arrived in New Bedford, Mass., in company with Elders Addison Pratt, Noah Rogers and Benjamin F. Grouard, all of whom were bound for the same mission. Their journey took them around Cape Horn, so much dreaded by sailors, and after nearly a month of the long voyage had been completed, Elder Hanks became ill and died on November 3. He was the first missionary of the Church to be buried at sea.

The second recorded death of this nature was that of Elder Feramorz L. Young, a son of Brigham Young and an intimate boyhood companion of President Heber J. Grant.

Elder Young was born in Salt Lake City, September 16, 1858, and passed his early boyhood there, studying at his father's private school and later at the University of Deseret, now the University of Utah. He entered the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland, in September, 1874, having been appointed to the place by Delegate George Q. Cannon. He continued there successfully for two years and resigned in favor of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institution at Troy, N. Y., which he entered in 1877, and was graduated two years later with high honors.

On November 13, 1880, he was set apart for the Mexican mission by Apostle Wilford Woodruff and accompanied Elder Moses Thatcher to that country, arriving in Mexico City in December of that year.

Elder Young was an intelligent, refined and lovable young man and became a most exemplary missionary, traveling about our neighbor republic on the south, preaching the Gospel to the natives. On September 6, 1881, he became ill with a slight fever, and as he gradually grew worse he was placed on the steamer *Knickerbocker*, bound for home. Elder Moses Thatcher accompanied him. When about one hundred and ten miles from Havana, on September 27, 1881, Elder Young died and was buried at sea.

Elder Willard Snow, a brother of the late Apostle Erastus Snow, was born in St. Johnsbury, Vermont, May 6, 1811. In the spring of 1834, with other members of his family, he journeyed to Kirtland, Ohio, and while there became a member of the first quorum of Seventy.

Elder Snow spent a number of years in various eastern missions and traveled from place to place with the much-persecuted Saints and finally, after many privations, arrived in Great Salt Lake valley, where he immediately became a counselor to President Daniel Spencer of the Salt Lake stake.

Brother Snow was called to the European mission in September, 1851, and arrived in Liverpool the following March. On March 18, 1852, he was appointed to succeed his brother, Erastus, as president of the Scandinavian mission. He traveled from England to Denmark, where he labored diligently to learn the language and to discharge successfully the duties of his calling.

While addressing a conference of elders in Copenhagen on August 15, 1853, he was attacked by a violent illness. He was blessed by the elders and three days later took passage on board the steamer *Transit*, bound for Hull, England. When only a few miles from Hull, on August 21, Elder Snow died. Despite the earnest pleading and entreaties of Elders P. O. Hanson and H. P. Jenson, who were accompanying him to England, the body was laid at rest in the ocean.

The latest burial at sea was that of Elder Rulon C. Haacke, of the Second ward in Salt Lake, who died February 25, 1911, while returning from a mission to New Zealand, where he had labored very faithfully. Elders traveling with the boy pleaded with the captain of the ship to be allowed to take the body to Salt Lake City. The captain refused the offers of extra fare and only under considerable pressure were the accompanying elders allowed to hold short services before the body was lowered into the ocean. A sad feature of this death was that Elder Haacke's father was awaiting the arrival of his son in San Francisco, and did not know of his death and burial until the other elders had landed.

All these gallant soldiers of the Gospel, these devoted followers of the Master, deserve the admiration of their fellows. They went out in humility and in self-sacrificing spirit with but one desire—to do good to others, to bring to their fellow-men a message of salvation which they testified with their last breath to be the living truth revealed in this day by the Almighty. They, of course, did not expect to die while away from home and loved ones; but even that supreme offering they were ready, if need be, to make for those for whose benefit they were working.

These incidents are singularly sorrowful ones, made more so perhaps because of their rarity, and condolences with the families of these heroes are widespread and sincere.



1. AB JENKINS AND HIS CAR THE MORNING AFTER THE TRANSCONTINENTAL RUN. 2. AB AND THE CAR WHICH HE DROVE FOR A 24-HOUR RECORD. 3. ON THE TRACK DURING THE 24-HOUR RUN. 4. HOLE IN TRACK TORN UP BY SPEEDING CARS. LIGHT PATCHES INDICATE OTHER HOLES WHICH HAVE BEEN REPAIRED. 5. AB AS HE LOOKED AFTER HIS RUN ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

The Pilot

BY HUGH J. CANNON

MEN who fly, either with airplanes or with automobiles, soon learn to view the most hair-raising exploits nonchalantly. A story is told of Dean C. Smith, a boyish-looking air-mail pilot in the East. One dark night he had to fly with the mail in the face of a heavy wind, which changed to a terrific gale as he gained altitude. He was therefore compelled to keep close to the earth, a most dangerous course in the inky blackness. No beacon lights were discernible, consequently he lost all his bearings and did not know whether he was 1,000 feet or 100 inches above the mountains which had to be crossed. Suddenly he felt his right wing scrape against something and instantly turned his plane upwards. In due time the lights of the city which was his objective appeared, and after making a safe landing, he climbed from his plane and stretched himself. *Collier's Weekly* gives this further account:

" 'Hey, Dean,' hails a mechanic, 'this wing tip is full of green stains and twigs. Have you been trying to push over some trees?' But Dean is already strolling away. For he is the pilot who once turned in this classic flight report:

" 'Dead stick [lever]—flying low—only place available, on cow. Killed cow—wrecked plane—scared me. Smith.' "

And in this same matter-of-fact way, David A. Jenkins, known in every state in the Union as "Ab," views his own performances. Ab, being an automobile driver, is supposed to stay on the earth, though he occasionally leaves it for a fleeting moment. He is a soft-spoken, modest fellow, no longer a boy though he looks it; but when one feels the vise-like grip of his hand, one concludes that it is possible for such a hand to hold a car on the road at ninety miles an hour even when a blowout occurs; and a look into his steel-blue eyes indicates, not only the physical power, but also the strong nerves of the man.

On the floor of the Studebaker Corporation, at South Bend, Indiana, stands a sedan bearing the license number, "Utah, 10,000." On the side of the car are the words, "Ab Jenkins, Building Contractor, Salt Lake City." Of course this sedan has a history or it would not occupy its present place; and it is in historic company, for nearby is the carriage in which Abraham Lincoln rode to the capitol in Washington to make his inaugural address. Also the carriage

which was given to Lafayette, the French soldier so greatly beloved in America, has a place there.

"Utah, 10,000" is considerably the worse for wear, and no wonder. It had seen hard service before Jenkins was challenged to beat the fastest trains across the continent. Accepting this challenge, after obtaining as many letters as possible from officials giving him permission to drive rapidly over clear roads, he left New York in it on August 20, 1917, at eight p. m., Eastern time, and reached San Francisco on September 2 at 10:40 p. m., Pacific time, 3302 miles in 77 hours 40 minutes, including all stops for gas, oil, repairs, etc. And he drove every foot of the way himself without sleep. He beat the time of the fastest trains by 22 hours and 31 minutes, including their stops, or 12 hours and 16 minutes better than their actual running time. It may be stated here that he always observes the "Stop" signals while driving through cities. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that he also observes the "Go" signals.

The time that Ab momentarily left the earth was during this drive. The wonder is that he did not leave it permanently. As he was approaching Lincoln, Nebraska, at a ninety mile an hour clip—and not on the regular road, for that was being repaired, but on a detour—he came unexpectedly upon a right-angle turn. To stop the flying car was as impossible as it would be to stop a speeding railroad train by throwing a lasso over the engine's smokestack; to attempt to make the turn meant an upset and almost certain death. Ab set his jaws grimly; thoughts of the past and hopes for the future raced through his mind, keeping pace with the revolving wheels, which were driving the car forward at the rate of 132 feet every second. It is said that this man has no nerves, but he must have felt them tingle just a bit as he deliberately drove straight ahead, and the car was so nearly flying that it jumped the ditch, touched the incline bank on the opposite side, cleared a barbed-wire fence and traveled thirty feet through the air before alighting right side up in a corn field with the driver unhurt. The body of the car was cracked and two wheels had to be replaced, but after this was hastily done Jenkins proceeded serenely on his way.

This man's most notable achievement, thus far, as a driver was completed at 3:13½ in the morning of November 8, 1928, when he climbed out of the car which he had driven more than 2,000 miles in 24 hours. The essentials of this story are told in an official letter from Washington to Mr. Jenkins, dated November 19, 1928, part of which we quote:

"The records of the Contest Board show that in a test conducted under Official Sanction No. 2099 over the Atlantic City 1½-mile Board Speedway, starting at 3:13.30 a. m., Wednesday, No-

vember 7, 1928, and finishing at 3:13.30 a. m., Thursday, November 8, 1928, you drove single-handed a Studebaker President "8" 2,019.786 miles at an average speed of 84.158 miles per hour.

"While this is not the first time a car has been driven 24 hours without relief, the distance covered by you exceeds the best previous single-handed performance by 200 miles. Furthermore, it is the first instance under AAA supervision where the driver remained continually in his seat.

"Arthur H. Means,

"Assistant Secretary Contest Board."

As is indicated in the letter, Jenkins did not move from the wheel for an instant during the entire drive. He took neither food nor water and did not take any stimulant. Stops were made for gasoline, which was driven into the car under high pressure to save precious seconds, and three times wheels had to be replaced because of blowouts, but these changes were made by a crew of experts who worked so rapidly that the stops averaged only 30 seconds each. The board track which, on the turns, is built on an incline of 47 degrees was torn up occasionally by the terrific speed. Once a piece of 2 x 4 flew up and pierced the running board, but fortunately did no serious damage. During the entire 24 hours a crew of carpenters was kept constantly at work making repairs on the track. To drive around these holes, one of which is shown in the accompanying illustration, required nerve and skill of a high order.

During the night there was a heavy frost and men were kept busy throwing sand over the track, as it became so slippery that a car, without it, would have been quite unmanageable. As it was, Jenkin's car often skidded, and once it turned around several times on the icy boards before it slipped off the track and into the mud. The paint was literally blistered off the auto by flying sand, and the driver's goggles were ruined from the same cause. Another driver, renowned for his endurance, was entered in this contest, but was forced to abandon it after twelve hours.

Some little time ago, Jenkins gave up his building business and is now a special demonstrator for an automobile company. He has been in every state in the Union and in most parts of Canada and Mexico, and is known in practically every city of more than 25,000 inhabitants in this country. From the 17th of June of last year to the 19th of December, he visited Canada and Mexico as well as 43 states of the Union and stopped at 152 hotels.

This article is not written for the purpose of arousing the *wanderlust* or encouraging *Era* readers to drive their autos faster than they are now doing. In this speeding age such an effort is wholly unnecessary. However, it is always a worthy ambition to strive to

reach the top of one's profession whatever it may be, whether building homes or demonstrating autos. But the real objective of this story is made clear by the following brief dialogue with Ab, who, by the way, is a "Mormon," born in Spanish Fork, Utah county, and reared in Salt Lake City:

"To what do you attribute your iron nerves and remarkable endurance?"

Unhesitatingly the answer came:

"To the fact that I do not use tobacco or liquor." Then he added, "I have never in my life tasted whisky or wine or beer nor used tobacco in any form."

For a man to maintain his ideals in face of the fact that he is traveling constantly and mingling with all varieties of people, many of whom have no ideals whatever, indicates that he has a steadiness of character equal to that of his nerves.

TOBACCO

Chewing and smoking are set forth by the tobacco trusts as delightful, harmless pastimes. It is even declared that the use of tobacco is beneficial—that it "soothes" the nerves.

Chloroform soothes the nerves, too. A small bottle of it will soothe them forever.

Let me tell you how tobacco kills. Smokers do not all drop dead around the cigar lighters in tobacco stores. They go away, and, years later, die of something else. From the tobacco trust's point of view, that is one of the finest things about tobacco. The victims do not die on the premises, even when sold the worst cigars. They go away, and when they die the doctors certify that they died of pneumonia, heart disease, typhoid fever, or what not.

In other words, tobacco kills indirectly and escapes the blame.

Nicotine, after you have used it awhile, puts you in a condition to be "bumped off" by the first thing that hits you. If you saw some men undermine a building until it was ready to topple into the street, and then saw a woman hit the building with a baby carriage and make it topple, you would not say that the woman had wrecked the building, would you? Yet when a smoker dies of pneumonia, the doctor's death certificate gives pneumonia and not tobacco as the cause of death. And the tombstone man with his chisel says nothing at all.

No matter where a boy may be, tobacco advertising reaches him, pleads with him and urges him to be a fool—to injure his health, decrease his happiness and shorten his life that the tobacco interests may gather more millions.

—*Luther Burbank in Dearborn Independent.*

Some Questions Considered

BY J. M. SJODAHL

AN esteemed correspondent in St. George, Utah, submits some questions for consideration in the *Era*.

He has recently read Dr. Breasted's *Ancient Times*, and is at a loss to reconcile some of the statements made by that scholarly author with the word of God.

Our correspondent refers particularly to such assertions as these, that 3000 years before our era the men of the stone age had already lived and developed for 50,000 years; that the conception of a "tree of life" originated in the custom of early man to present in the sanctuary a water jar with a few green palm branches; that the Hebrews obtained the story of the creation and the flood and other parts of the Bible from their pagan neighbors; that to the Hebrews, Yaveh was originally only a "war god," and that Elijah so regarded him in his conflict with the priests of Baal; and, finally, that Isaiah did not write more than about half of the book that bears his name.

These and other peculiar views are held by the disciples of what is known as "higher criticism" of the Bible.

The school of thought known by that name originated in Holland with Spinoza and was taken up in England by Hobbes, both rationalistic philosophers who denied the necessity or even the possibility of divine revelation. The "higher critics" soon came to believe that the use of two names for God, "Jehovah" and "Elohim," proved that the books of Moses were written by two different authors, one conflicting with the other. From this beginning, "higher critics" gradually arrived at the conclusion that the inspired writings of the Old Testament are nothing but human documents gradually evolved from the crude glyphs and still cruder pictographs of the earliest ancestors of man, who themselves were, intellectually and otherwise, only a few steps ahead of the monkeys in the woods. Of course, they need thousands upon thousands of years for the evolution of a scrawl on the smooth surface of a rock to the unexcelled literary productions of a Moses, a David, an Isaiah; hence, their generous allotment of 50,000 years to the stone-age men in which to progress.

In the view of the "higher critics," the Pentateuch is a patch-work—a veritable crazy-quilt—of documents, put together by more or less competent editors. Some of it, they tell us, is "probably true;" other parts are "certainly doubtful," and some is "positively spur-

ious." The same is true, we are told, about the rest of the Old Testament. The Psalms are composed mostly by unknown poets who lived after the exile. Daniel was written by some unknown scribbler in the second century, B. C., and Isaiah, chapters 40-66, were not composed by Isaiah at all.

All such assertions concerning the origin and contents of the Scriptures are confusing to the student who is not well grounded in his faith and knowledge, particularly when men of great learning and acknowledged scholarship sponsor them. We are likely to forget that a scholar is authority only as far as he states established *facts*; that when he goes beyond this and presents opinions and hypotheses, his authority ceases, since in this field he is as likely to err as any layman. In fact, many a layman has more reasoning power than some scholars, and can detect a fallacy in a deduction as quickly as the most learned man alive. This fact many forget, and we accept a false deduction as true because it is offered by a scholar, and are thus misled.

For example, the scholar may tell us that he has found on Babylonian tablets an account of a flood, and we must accept that statement of fact on his reputation as a scholar; but if he proceeds to tell us that the account in Genesis is but another version of the Babylonian story, then he is giving us an opinion which is worthless and which we are not bound to accept, unless the truth of it is established by other facts. All the assertions by learned men concerning the existence of man on earth untold ages ago; his gradual development from the lowest forms of living beings; the coming forth of religion, arts, sciences, literature, etc., from next to nothing—all these assertions, as far as they contradict the revealed word of God, are nothing but theory, no matter how much scholarship they are associated with. They are mere opinions, or surmises. To reject them is not to show contempt for learning, but to refuse to accept a false deduction as a substitute for truth. And to do so is the privilege of every rational being. A man does not need to be a lawyer to sit on a jury and judge of the truth of testimony; nor does he need to be a scholar to judge of the value of the opinion of a learned man, when he argues from facts instead of presenting facts. Many a great scholar has proved his human imperfection by ridiculous conclusions, as did a very learned professor who on one occasion said to his students: "I have been dissecting human bodies for twenty years, but I have never found a piece of the soul; consequently, there is not any." Here we see how helpless a scholar may be when he ventures outside his sphere.

As to the books of Moses, we need not doubt that Moses is the author of them, except, of course, the account of his death,

which may have been added by Joshua. That is the testimony of tradition, and it is sustained by internal evidence. That Moses had access to documents existing at his time* and was familiar with traditions preserved by the Egyptians is also indisputable, and, no doubt, he made use of the sources of information he had. But, in addition, the Lord, as we know from the *Pearl of Great Price*, took him up on a high mountain and instructed him in visions and revelations concerning the early history of man, thereby enabling him to write a true account. The sacred writers quote the Book of Moses as his work and they are appealed to by our Lord himself and his apostles as genuine and authentic. All this testimony cannot be set aside by a theory that has no more solid foundation than is so far offered.

As for the theory that Isaiah did not write the entire book of Isaiah, that question will be treated separately in an early issue of the *Era*.

Our correspondent also asks whether 2 Peter 3:8, Doc. and Cov. 77:6, 12, and *Pearl of Great Price*, Book of Abraham 3:4 and 5:13 are to be understood literally or figuratively.

In 2 Peter 3:8 we read: "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." There is no reason why we should not understand this to mean what it plainly says. In Doc. and Cov. 130:4 we learn that the reckoning of time by angels, by man, and by God himself, is "according to the planet on which they reside." Astronomers corroborate this, for they tell us a year on the planet Mercury, for example, is equal to only eighty-eight of our days, while, on the other hand, a year in Jupiter is equal to 4,332 of our days, and a year on Saturn is equal to 10,767 earth days, or twenty-nine and one-half of our years. In the same way, in the Book of Abraham (3:4), we are told that one revolution of Kolob was a day unto the Lord, it being one thousand years "according to the time appointed unto that whereon thou standest." This is a statement of a fact concerning the measurement of time of our Heavenly Father, and it is to be understood as a fact, not a figure of speech.

In the Mosaic story of the creation, however, the word translated "day" has no such definite limits as a "day" on our earth, nor any of the other planets, nor even on Kolob, which is clear from the fact that there were "days" LONG before the heavenly bodies appeared in the "firmament" and were made to measure times and seasons by. (Gen. 1:14.) The creation "days" were simply

*The *Book of Enoch* may have been in existence then, and it isn't improbable that Noah had left a record of his experiences.

periods of time, epochs; we know not how long. In Gen. 2:4 the entire period during which the creation lasted is called "the day."

This use of the word in the Scriptures is frequent. See Joel 3:18, Zechariah 2:10-12; 13:1, and 14:9, where the entire millennial period is called a "day."

Speaking of the six "days" of the creation story, Dr. James Orr, professor of the United Free Church College, Glasgow, says: "You say there are the 'six days' and the question whether those days are meant to be measured by the twenty-four hours of the sun's revolution around the earth—I speak of these things popularly. It is difficult to see how they should be so measured when the sun that is to measure them is not introduced until the fourth day. Do not think that this larger reading of the day is a new speculation. You found Augustine in early times declaring that it is hard or altogether impossible to say of what fashion these days are, and Thomas Aquinas, in the Middle Ages, leaves the matter an open question." (*The Fundamentals*, Vol. 6, page 4.)

The Doc. and Cov. 77:6 and 12 should be read with a proper understanding of the Mosaic narrative of the creation.

ALONG LIFE'S WAY

This world frowns back at those who frown
And grumble as they pass
Along life's way.
It brings him sorrow, cuffs his ears;
It metes out plentifully its tears;
It bruises, kicks, fills him with fears,
Who always whines and never cheers
Along life's way.

Man doesn't care to hear sad tales;—
Has troubles of his own
Along life's way;—
But what he wants is cheerfulness,
From even those who meet distress;
All good gifts are for happiness;
For those who comfort, cheer, and bless
Along life's way.

What matters, even if you have
A heavy-burdened heart
Along life's way?
It doesn't pay to advertise
Your selfish wounds, prolong your cries!—
But smile!—It always wins the prize.
Love blesses him who sings and tries,—
Along life's way.

Lessons from Common Things

BY PRESIDENT F. S. HARRIS OF THE BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

2. AIR

THE earth with its 200 million square miles of surface is surrounded by a comparatively thin layer of gases, ordinarily regarded as about fifty miles in thickness. The density of these gases even at sea level is not great, and by the time the highest mountain is reached they are becoming still more rare. Half of the atmosphere is contained in the lower three and one-half miles.

This mixture of gases, the air, is composed largely of inert nitrogen, although it has a large proportion of oxygen, together with minor quantities of carbon dioxide, water vapor and a number of rare gases. All of us have spent our entire lives bathed in this fluid atmosphere. None of us has at any time lived without being completely surrounded with it. We are never conscious of it except when the wind blows or there arises some unusual situation such as lack of oxygen or excess of carbon dioxide in a mine or a poorly ventilated room. Let us spend a few minutes looking into this very common substance to see some of the various ways it affects our lives.

First, as to its composition, the nitrogen of the air enters into every living cell. No cell, either animal or plant, could exist without the nitrogen which forms part of its protein. The nitrogen in the air is inert, or lazy in reacting with other chemical elements. Through the action of bacteria and other agencies, however, substances are produced from this nitrogen which are active. Plants, and, later, animals eagerly utilize this active nitrogen to help form their tissues. Nitrogen is especially abundant in such products as flesh, eggs, and the solid part of milk, although it is also found in all living things. There is not sufficient nitrogen stored up in the earth to serve as food of plants and animals for more than a very short time. It requires the constant activity of the nitrogen-gathering agencies to keep enough of this gas locked in the available form to keep plants and animals growing vigorously.

Another interesting gas formed in air is carbon dioxide. This is present in only small quantities—a fraction of a per cent of the total air. It is sometimes spoken of as poisonous carbon dioxide, but this property merely refers to its action on animals when the gas becomes too concentrated. If it were not for the presence of this gas in the air, it would be impossible for plants to live and function.

It is the carbon dioxide of the air, combined with the water from the soil, which produces the bulk of food for both plants and animals. If, in making the air, this carbon dioxide had been by chance left out of the mixture, plants could not manufacture their food, and without plant food animals could not live, so the earth would be destitute of life.

Probably most of us are more aware of the presence of the element oxygen in the air than of the other constituents. We are constantly being told that we must make sure we have enough oxygen to breathe; teachers and health officials warn us to sleep with the bedroom window open, to watch the ventilation in crowded rooms and other places where oxygen is scarce or rapidly used.

Oxygen is just as indispensable to our lives as the other main atmospheric gases, but not more so. There is a constant demand for oxygen to unite with the food we eat, and thereby furnish energy. It is also important because of its ability to combine with fuels of various kinds to give heat, not only for use within our own bodies but also for warming houses, and heating steam and air to run engines. If the atmosphere were entirely made of oxygen, life could not exist because the burning process would be so rapid that life would be consumed; without oxygen the burning process necessary to animal life would cease.

Another interesting matter concerns the quantity of atmosphere. If, in the making of a world such as ours, there had been a lesser amount of air, then the higher sections of the earth would have been useless for living organisms. As it is, with the possible exception of one or two mountain tops, there seems to be just about enough air to support vigorous life on all parts of the earth. The mixture of the gases, as well as the quantities, just about balances the demand. There has not been any great waste in the gases; there is enough to satisfy life and to absorb and check the loss of heat from the earth, but none which could well be spared.

Do combinations of such circumstances as a perfect atmosphere come by accident? Did it just accidentally happen that the mixture of gases surrounding the earth is just what it should be to create harmony? Could so wonderful a balance in weight, combining qualities, reaction to heat and cold, and power to move where it is most needed by man, just come about without any intelligent planning? The reader may answer these questions for himself in the way he sees fit.

"No man has come to true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him he gives him for mankind."—*Phillips Brooks*.

Chamberlain Takes Off Successfully at Cherbourg Harbor

BY CLAUDE C. CORNWALL



CLARENCE D. CHAMBERLAIN AND MRS. CHAMBERLAIN STANDING ON THE "LEVIATHAN'S" DECK IN FRONT OF THE AMPHIBIAN CRAFT

IT IS seven a. m. on the twelfth of October. A dull gray dawn is breaking over the Cherbourg hills. In the harbor the water is calm, a gentle wind blowing from the north. A fine mist of rain adds to the haze of coming morning. Clarence Chamberlain's Loening amphibian craft is just being lowered from the deck of the S. S. *Leviathan*. It is hanging in midair from the long boom pole.

This is a versatile aeroplane. Besides the equipment of wheels and spike landing gear familiar to the aerodrome, it is equipped with boats and floats which permit it to alight safely

in water. A few weeks ago, while in preparation for this flight, an accident occurred in a test take-off. While rounding a sharp curve, to gain distance, one of the tires was torn from the rim. Landing without a tire would have been difficult and dangerous. But Chamberlain, with his usual "wits about him" attitude, calmly lifted the wheels to the out of position, continued on to a small pond nearby and landed safely.

Only a week ago Chamberlain and his group had flown from Washington to New York, landed in the East river, which is the usual mooring place, then the plane had been flown to the Hudson, taxied to the ship's side and hoisted on deck. And now it has again reached the water, after a three-thousand-mile ocean voyage.

A tug comes alongside and tows the bobbing yellow bird about the harbor. Another tug transports two hundred gallons of gasoline and conveys it to the plane through a hose. The cover is removed from the motor.

On the decks of the giant liner we wait, all expectant, for

the take-off. Soon the propeller makes its first faint turn. It stops and kicks back. Another turn and a puff of gray smoke comes from the exhaust. Then we hear the purring rattle of the whirling blades.

Six persons have climbed from the tug into the plane. Mrs. Chamberlain is with her skillful pilot husband. Walter Ludwig, Gibson Emerson, Nathan F. Vanderlip, Stephen Forberger, engineers and designers, are accompanying the expedition. C. S. Doran has already started by train on his way to Paris. Mrs. Doran and William P. Sullivan are with the expectant ones on the giant liner's deck.

A row boat and two men shove off from the tug and release the towing line. The amphibian is left alone to taxi along the slightly rippling water.

Out goes the plane, across the harbor to a favorable position along the wind. Purr! purr!—louder—louder! comes the smooth rattle of the motor and swiftly revolving propeller blades. The plane commences to take on speed. There is a slight rise, then a



MORMON MISSIONARIES ON THE S. S. "LEVIATHAN" POSE FOR A PICTURE IN FRONT OF THE CHAMBERLAIN PLANE

Mrs. Millburn is going to Europe to return with her missionary son. Miss Margery Morris is on the way to Paris, where she will study music with her sister Marion (daughters of Geo. Q. and Emma Ramsey). At the extreme right is Wallace Toronto. Elder Hacking is behind the two women. Claude Cornwall is standing beside Miss Morris. Names of the others are not given.

dip—and now it lifts slowly from the water. It is speeding toward the *Leviathan*.

Higher—Higher! It sails like a graceful seagull across the bow of the ship. Then it banks into a turn. Back again it swerves once more in front of the big liner, close to the bridge. Hands are waved. Cheers! The motor takes on a sudden whirr of speed. Like a flying arrow it dashes away. On and on it charges at this lightning rate—across the mole and the breakwater—across the look-out tower and the lighthouse. Now it is only a black speck faintly visible as it follows the verdant French coast—on to Le Bourget.

Six passengers, piloted by this inimitable Clarence Chamberlain, are speeding toward Paris. A new epoch in flying is accomplished. A passenger plane is successfully launched in the harbor from a passenger vessel.

It was this same Chamberlain who, a little over a year ago, piloted an aeroplane across the Atlantic ocean with Chas. Levine as a passenger, landing at Kottbus, Germany, a few miles short of Berlin, their goal. This was the second of three planes to span the Atlantic at about the same time. Lindbergh, the lone eagle, was first and Commander Richard Byrd and his party of four were third. Commander Byrd is now on his way to the South Pole.

Following his trans-Atlantic flight of a year ago, Clarence Chamberlain made a successful landing of an aeroplane from a super-structure built on the *Leviathan's* bridge. And now once again success has crowned his aeronautical adventures.

SON OF MINE

Do the right, Son of Mine,
All the time!
In the light of the right
Always shine.
This the test—do your best
Every day.
Never fear—God is near—
Ever pray.

Head erect, self-respect,
Conscience free!
Garnish truth and, forsooth,
Chastity!
In your walk, in your talk,
Just be straight!
Always work, never shirk—
Keep the faith!



(Photo Courtesy Pictorial California)

A BLANKET OF THE BEAUTIFUL

Snow in the Rockies! Mountains, trees blanketed in snow! How overpoweringly majestic! Spring is a beautiful season—but snow in winter on the foliage of the pine trees and the barren limbs of the trees and bushes is inspiring wonderful. Yosemite, shown above, in winter, for example, is a scene typical of sights in Utah. Our Rocky Mountains, surrounding the cities with protection, are marvelous. Visit the hills, blanketed with the beautiful.—Glen Perrins.

Maintaining Law and Order Within the Arctic Circle

BY H. C. SINGER

EVERY summer the Canadian Government S. S. *Beothic* leaves on its patrol to visit the Royal Canadian Mounted Police out-post headquarters in the Eastern Arctic sub-district. Among its passengers and the officers that relieve the posts, in the north, are ministers from Ottawa to study their districts, doctors of the police, members of the Geological Survey, members of the Department of Mines, ice pilots, scientists, and officers of the R. C. M. P. (Royal Canadian Mounted Police), who will visit every detachment and post during the year and will await the coming again of the S. S. *Beothic* to relieve them.

Last year the vessel left its headquarters at North Sydney, Nova Scotia, July 19, made its trip to the Bache peninsula, where, however, it was unable because of ice to enter the straits, and returned after forty-five days of patrol, having accomplished a successful trip. Much important information was obtained of bird, fish and animal life, ice glacier fields and prevailing winds; and all posts with one exception were reprovisioned. The ship carries food, fuel, dogs, arms, ammunition, sleds, clothes, tools, radios and complete equipment, books, and furnishings to make the posts comfortable, and, in addition, it carries spare parts for the police power boats that operate during the summer season, among the fiords and lakes.

Interesting are the reports that come back from the northern patrols of the police, of distance, danger, and daring enterprise, furnishing, in these days when we are so likely to forget duty and ignore the finer things of life, a lesson in discipline and endurance, and awakening in us a deeper appreciation of that splendid principle that the British forefathers established in the Magna Charta that "we will sell to no man, we will not deny to any man, either Justice or Right." For this cause the Canadian Government established among its people, even up into the Arctic circle, posts of the Royal Mounted Police, an organization whose annals thrill the hearts of every British subject and arouse the admiration of the world. Last year's report contains nothing spectacular but the usual record of duty well done and peace and good order established among the Eskimos within the district.

Notwithstanding severe weather with blizzard, fog, frost, and

rain, detachments of the R. C. M. P., stationed at posts on the islands and mainlands of the Eastern Arctic sub-division, carried out over 7500 miles of patrol, covering the less frequently visited parts of Ellsmere, Devon, Baffin, and including Axel Hieberg, Graham and Buckingham and the North Kent islands. On these long patrols, to maintain order and supervise the conditions of the Eskimo, important geographical conditions were noted, and a census of the Eskimo taken in areas visited, while medical and other assistance was rendered where necessary. Before the coming of the officers of the R. C. M. P., years ago, numbers of Eskimo starved to death because of bad years of fishing and hunting, but now, under skillful supervision, conditions have improved and the Eskimo is generally prosperous.

In Bache peninsula the S. S. *Beothic* was unable to penetrate the ice fields and reprovision the post, but as there is always three-years' supply of food and fuel no anxiety is felt for the officers who brought down their reports over the drifting fields to the ship. Patrols from Bache, on Ellsmere island, traveled hundreds of miles in their work and gave valuable scientific information of their areas. Constables E. Anstead, G. T. Makinson, and R. R. Gurmett spent an adventurous year at this most northerly post of patrol. In March, 1928, an attempt was made to enter the interior of the northern end of the island by Sawyer bay and Canon fiord to Lake Hazen, but it was checked by the dangerous condition of an ice barrier that disputed the way. On March 22, Constable Anstead left with two Eskimos on a patrol to the west coast and covered over 850 miles by April 30 in reaching his destination. The pass from Flugher fiord to Gretha bay fiord on the west coast is being slowly blocked by a glacier and Anstead, defying the alarm of his Eskimo companions, managed to squeeze through between the precipitous foot of the glacier and the cliff which constitutes the opposite side of the valley. The space was barely wide enough for them to pass, blocks of ice fell from time to time and the trail for 500 yards was very dangerous. Despite the fact that the temperature was 30 degrees below zero, the men were bathed in perspiration by the time they had cleared the pass, so hard had they worked. From the western coast the party visited Axel Hieberg island, crossed Norwegian bay to Graham and Buckingham islands, patrolled the North Kent island, and spent some time in the Bjorne peninsula on their return journey to the post. In the last-named locality, at a point 200 feet above sea level, several outcroppings of soft coal were found.

In this far-flung out-post of the law, Constable Makinson made some interesting geographical discoveries. During a patrol from

Bache peninsula post down the east coast of Ellsmere island to Craig harbor on the southern coast, and westward of Starnes fiord, accompanied by one Eskimo, he visited an unmapped island, east of Cape Dunsterville, on which he noticed the remains of native igloos. He also found and explored a large fiord north of Clarence head. Travelers usually cut across the ice, but Constable Makinson followed the shore and discovered, first a large bay running southwest, and then a fiord two miles wide. An island in the middle of the bay made the fiord difficult to notice from seaward. He continued his exploration some fifty miles up the fiord and its branches, being absent 40 days and covering 700 miles.

Most interesting of all the patrols was that performed by Inspector C. E. Wilcox, from Pond inlet, at the northern end of Baffin island, to Fury and Hecla strait, a journey of 900 miles. Constable S. G. H. Margetts aggregated nearly 1300 miles during three patrols to Milne inlet, Arctic sound, and Home bay, respectively. Inspector Wilcox's trip took him to the northern end of Fox basin and to the Melville peninsula. He traveled across the interior of the north-western part of Baffin island, traversing numerous lakes and on one occasion climbing a frozen waterfall. He visited 150 Eskimos and found them generally prosperous and took the usual census. In this region caribou were numerous and wolves were scarce. The journey was marked by a five-day blizzard and the weather was so cold that the coal oil, carried for fuel, froze and had to be thawed out by native oil lamps before it could be used. Constable Margetts' patrol to Home bay occupied 51 days and covered 945 miles. Here, too, the natives were prosperous. Other patrols of a shorter distance were performed by other officers on this island.

From Pangnirtung, the post on the Cumberland gulf, Baffin island, Sergeant O. G. Petty patrolled the gulf and visited native camps on the east coast of the island. The winter was unfavorable for traveling, owing to conditions of weather and ice, nevertheless the entire district was patrolled by dog team, the distance aggregated 1700 miles. One of the men, Constable G. J. M. Curleigh, patrolled Cape Mercy and remained there some time hunting. He also made a journey with one Eskimo to Cornell Grinnell bay, but shortage of dog feed and frequent and severe storms made the trip, which occupied 45 days and accounted for 645 miles, a very trying one.

During 1927, a detachment at Lake harbor, on the southern coast of Baffin island, was established by Sergeant J. E. F. Wright and Constable P. Wersch. The buildings of the detachment were begun while the *Boethic* was in the harbor on last summer's patrol. After the vessel left, the rain was incessant and it was six weeks before the men could carry on with the building. Despite the fact that all

the team dogs died in an epidemic, patrol work for over 500 miles was done; the coming of the *Beothic* this summer was very welcome.

The patrols in the northland are very severe and only the very best and strongest of men are sent there to maintain law and order. In this Eastern Arctic sub-division there are at present only 1800 known Eskimos and their welfare is a concern for the Canadian Government. The duties of the police are varied, from assisting at the birth of Eskimos to scientific explorations, research and protective welfare work. Many an officer has made valuable contributions to the Natural Museum at Ottawa, and furnished important information regarding big game, sea animals, and bird life in their districts.

Long and hazardous patrols take place all the time, and on one occasion when an Eskimo killed an officer it took 2500 miles of travel and months of investigation before he was brought back to the seat of his crime. The court passed sentence of death and in order to obtain the necessary documents, witness the sentence carried out, and return with the documents duly executed, and again return to his post, an officer traveled in the aggregate 2000 miles.

No "assignment" is so difficult as bringing in a demented man or woman from the northern wastes, over mountains, lakes and unbroken ground. The ordeal is so severe that more than one officer himself has had a nervous breakdown on the completion of his task. Keeping account of all white men entering the north, examining their kit and turning them back if they are not properly provisioned for the trip, or are undesirable, furnish interesting and exciting moments in the lives of the officers of the law. It is but seldom that the public hears of the good work of this splendid body of men who, since 1875, have maintained and guarded jealously their tradition that they "always get their man." Now and then some enterprising journalist will search among the cold clear records of the Force and find therein accounts of exploits and duties undertaken and fulfilled in the face of terrible hardships and dangers; and only then does the public learn that these men have fulfilled the British tradition: "We will sell to no man, we will deny to no man, Justice and Right."

At no time are these outposts out of touch with their headquarters at Ottawa, for instructions are sent to them by radio, even to Bache peninsula, within 700 miles of the North Pole. All that can be done for the officers in the north, who volunteer for this work, is done that their lonely vigils may be made as pleasant as possible; but what measure of praise should we give those who are sleeping their long, last rest in the north, who died while carrying out their

duties so nobly! The words of the poet fit better than anything I can write:

"They sleep in peace amid the eternal snows,
Their goal achieved, their duty nobly done;
And over those whose victor's crown is won,
The loud, shrill requiem of the tempest blows."

BE GENTLE

There seems to be a lot of sin
In this old world of ours,
But if we'd only stop and thin
The weeds from out the flowers.
We'd do a better deed, I trow,
Than e'er we even think.
It may be a companion now
Is tott'ring on the brink—
And if we save a friend from ill,
And lend a helping hand,
We shall retain our old friend still,
And give him strength to stand.

There is a host of Godly folk,
Upright, and honest, too—
Who daily do a kindly deed,
Who seem to bless anew
The ones in sorrow or in pain,
And ease the burdens some.
Perhaps you, in your own domain,
To such a person come,
Who's seen the good and bad in life,
You'd order him along;
Don't do it, brother, calm yourself—
The man may not be strong!

Be gentle in your nature, friend.
Be kind and loyal, too;
Be trustful, helpful, till the end,
In whate'er you may do.
There is no joy where harshness is,
Contentment long has flown—
So just remember always this:
"You reap what you have sown."

Why be Law-Observing?

BY GRANT SYPHERS, JR.

HUMAN history from the beginning of time reveals that the world has been in a state of perpetual confusion. Empires have arisen and fallen; wars have swept millions from the face of the earth; nations have changed their form of government many times; religions and creeds have been established and abolished; new lands have been discovered and settled; numerous mechanical contrivances have been invented. But it is true that in spite of these confused changes we have progressed; though, because there has been no long-continued order, progress has been a slow, painful, tedious process.

This, in a word, is the history of the world, and it may be summed up in one statement: We are born; we struggle for something finer; we die. What does it all mean? Why do men live such lives? What is the great purpose in it all?

To the thoughtless, and there are far too many in that class, these things are meaningless, but if we go into the depths of the hearts of men we will find an answer. This confusion and strife, these struggles for financial, political or other supremacy were nothing more than a search for happiness. Happiness! Every person who has ever lived has spent a large part of his life looking for it. The warriors of olden times were striving for this thing, for in the glory of victory lay their happiness. Napoleon, with his mighty ambitions, was searching for it, for world-wide power and dominion were the things he most desired. All of the explorers, scientists, inventors, artists and scholars were working to achieve something, because achievement brought them happiness. Thus it has been all through the ages, thus it is now, and so it ever will be. Every move we make is with the hope, conscious or otherwise, that we are approaching happiness.

Naturally the question as to what really causes happiness comes up for consideration. There is not one of us but could name at least a dozen things that contribute to it; but, in my mind, the greatest of all these is the joy that comes from man's associations with his fellow-men. Perhaps no better illustration of this point can be found than the example of our own country.

When this continent was first explored and settled, our part of it was not important. Its people had few of the things which go to make mankind happy. America was merely a country over which the nations of Europe might quarrel; and, yet, upon that un-

explored tract has grown the mightiest nation in the world. This miraculous growth may be attributed to many causes, but I shall mention particularly two things—the country itself, its natural resources and topographical conditions; and the political organization of the people who live therein. I claim that the latter factor is far more important than the former, for, although the former has played a most important role, the real period of progress of this nation did not begin until its people began to associate with one another and organized themselves into the United States of America.

From that time on the people of this nation have advanced rapidly and, speaking generally, have gradually grown closer and closer together until the present. Now, we, perhaps the happiest people in the world, derive most of the enjoyment we have in life through associations with our fellow-citizens.

I have said that these associations make us happy, but is it the associations alone? Or does the way they are controlled by the laws of our country have an important bearing? I think this question is answered by reviewing the experiences had by other countries. I shall not take time to enumerate these, but will here make a statement which I am sure history proves to be correct. No nation, no matter how great and strong it might have been, no matter how far advanced intellectually, and no matter how desirable a country it possessed, has long endured if its laws have been defective or if they have not been respected. It is evident to all that the material happiness we enjoy, our prosperity and the preservation of our lives are directly dependent upon the laws of our nation and upon their enforcement. Senator William E. Borah said: "You can no more leave behind the fundamental principles of right and justice, of respect for and obedience to law, without paying a frightful penalty, than can a people, however high and strong in their material power, abandon the simple pronouncements of Sinai without sinking into utter degradation."

We often hear the argument that there are too many laws and that laws, while they may benefit society, are rather a handicap than an advantage to the individual. These complaints, possibly, are justified if we consider them from a narrow and personal viewpoint, but with the proper perspective it is easy to see that this is the best possible condition.

The complaint that there are too many laws might be compared with the complaint that there are too many automobiles running down Washington Avenue on Saturday afternoon. Every motorist will agree that this is the condition and that we ought to eliminate some of the cars. But what would that same motorist say if his own car were eliminated? It is exactly the same with the

person who complains of too many laws. He will advise that we do away with this law or with that law, but should we consider the revoking of a law that directly benefits him, he would be the first to oppose such a step. And so, while it may be that we have too many laws for the individual, it does not follow that we have too many for society.

This leads us to the second argument, that laws benefit the community rather than the individual. But isn't that exactly what we want our laws to do? The individual is a part of society, the recipient of all advantages which come to it, and why should he be displeased with such a state of affairs? It is his duty to work for the interests of all the people; he himself should obey all the laws of his country and use his influence to induce others to do likewise, rather than complain that the laws discriminate in favor of certain classes, or that they infringe upon one's personal rights and exclude the interests of others, and this is what the complaint too often amounts to.

In summary, therefore, we should obey the laws because they control our personal happiness and also the happiness of our fellow-citizens, and because upon them depends the future of this nation. As citizens of these United States we are happy, and if we would continue to be so we must obey the laws. May there never be a time when lawlessness shall gain the mastery in this land, for if such a time ever comes it will mark the downfall of our blessed country. Gone will be its power and glory; gone its prosperity and happiness; gone the mighty nation, and in its place will be a forbidding, devastated ruin of the once glorious republic.

May the All-wise Father protect us from such a condition. He will bless us to the extent that we understand the true significance of law, for this understanding will cause obedience and consequent happiness.

Genius, without work, is certainly a dumb oracle; and it is unquestionably true that the men of the highest genius have invariably been found to be amongst the most plodding, hard-working, and intent men, their chief characteristic apparently consisting simply in their power of laboring more intensely and effectively than others.—*Samuel Smiles in Self Help.*

I am moved by that argument which Atticus uses when he says that it is a scandalous thing that, if a senator should procure a wrongful conviction of anyone, he should be made liable to the laws, but that if a Roman knight does the same, he should not. Although I should grant to you that it would be a scandalous thing (and the fact I will examine into presently), still you must inevitably grant to me that it is a much more scandalous thing that the laws should be departed from in that state which is entirely held together by the laws; for this is the bond of this dignity which we enjoy in the republic, this is the foundation of our liberty, this is the source of justice.—*Cicero's Orations,*

Thomas Hardy—An Appreciation

BY FRANK C. STEELE

WHEN death removes a great man it is the customary thing, not only to become reminiscent, but also to form estimates of the man and his work. So it has been with Thomas Hardy, who recently closed a long and beautiful life, leaving to English letters a heritage that gave him a resting place in the poet's corner of Westminster Abbey among others of Britain's honored dead.

High and low loved Thomas Hardy and his tales of the Wessex wolds and rural folk. It is hard to believe that he is dead, that no longer will the world be enriched by his pen. He was so long a commanding figure in the literary world that his place is high and secure, so high indeed that when tender hands and adoring hearts turned to his entombment his last escort was composed of the great men of his country: Baldwin, McDonald, Kipling, Shaw, Galsworthy, Barrie, Gosse, Ramsay, Walker, and Housman. What more significant tribute could be paid a man than this?

Since his death editors and critics in Europe and America have given their appraisal of his work and not a few have ranked him first among the Moderns. This estimate is not too high, for Hardy's was a place apart. He may, in fact, be called the forerunner of the Moderns for his leadership in letters had been established when the majority of the contemporary members of this group, here and abroad, appeared on the scene. Hardy was poet and novelist long before many of us were born. His career as a poet began in 1865, and as a novelist in 1871.

He really began life as an architect, then turned to poetry. Later, Hardy deserted poetry for fiction, and after three decades of astonishing success in that field, he returned to his first love—poetry. He achieved mastery in both poetry and fiction. In which field did he excel? Since his death that point has been raised. But such speculation is fruitless. It is to choose between two perfect blossoms. Future generations may exhibit a preference, but viewing his work today one would feel safe in forecasting that, like the work of Scott, it will be appreciated in its entirety. Hence, it would serve no good purpose now to weigh Hardy, the novelist, against Hardy, the poet.

Thomas Hardy's novels stand in the very first ranks of English fiction. If they are at times grim, morbid, even terrible in their portrayal of events and the reactions on his characters, it is because Hardy is more sincere than most of us. He is not afraid of truth, of the facts of life. He looked out upon his world and the simple rustics who

inhabited it, writing what he found there. His was a comparatively small world, and yet, somehow, it yielded him material for novels of universal appeal.

And therein lies a lesson for the young writer who, overlooking the simple things about him, goes far afield for his material. Usually the result is disappointment and failure. But this is in passing. Returning to Thomas Hardy, no one who has read *The Return of the Native*, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, and *Far from the Madding Crowd* will deny, even though they picture the stark realities of life, that they lack warmth and sympathy and love for humanity. Hardy's dogged adherence to things as he found them must not be wrongly interpreted. His knowledge of the elemental passions and problems that vex men and women served only to mellow the strings of his understanding heart.

The Victorians did not like "Tess" when their prudish eyes read her story. The book was pronounced offensive to refined taste. Then came *Judge the Obscure*, and that novel suffered an even worse fate. It was branded immoral and cruel and undesirable and it is said that this open resentment, fatuous though it was, so offended the sensitive feelings of Hardy that he turned abruptly from fiction to poetry. But what splendid compensations accrued from that decision!

It was Edwin Markham, whose "Man With the Hoe" is one of the most powerful things in American literature, who said: "The poet comes to behold and to express the hidden loveliness of the world, to point out the ideal that is ever seeking to push through the husk of things and to reveal the inner spiritual meaning. So all of life is material for his seeing eye and his thinking heart, as he makes the wonderful familiar and the familiar wonderful."

Truly, Thomas Hardy had the "seeing eye" and the "thinking heart." His poetry may not possess the degree of music found in the work of some poets who might be cited, but it maintains a beauty, nobility and warmth that make it impressive. It is always refreshing and stimulating. Moreover, it is philosophical but never didactic. His pictures are keenly drawn; his themes strongly, fluently, completely developed. Out of his contacts with life and humanity flowed the wisdom of years couched in pure, vivid lines. Hardy's poetry may not be for the masses, but surely it is for those who are discriminating in their literary tastes. To appreciate Thomas Hardy's poetry one must read it and re-read it. Collections of his work may be obtained at any good library.

Thomas Hardy held intimate communion with nature and many of his finest poems were inspired by the free, open world about him. "The Wind Blew Words" is one of these:

The wind blew words across the skies,
 And these it blew to me
 Through the wide dusk: "Lift up thine eyes,
 Behold this troubled tree,
 Complaining as it sways and plies;
 It is a limb of thee.

"Yea, too, the creatures sheltering round—
 Dumb figures, wild and tame,
 Yea, too, thy fellows who abound—
 Either of speech the same
 Of far and strange—black, dwarfed, and brown,
 They are stuff of thy own frame."

I moved on in a surging awe
 Of inarticulateness
 At the pathetic Me I saw
 In all his huge distress,
 Making self-slaughter of the law
 To kill, bind, or suppress.

"JESUS WEPT"

(John 11:35)

Claimed by death, our dear ones leave us,
 With sad hearts bereft and torn,
 By the loss which can but grieve us—
 It is mete that we should mourn.
 Even Christ, though conscious, very,
 How their friend and brother slept,
 There with Martha and with Mary,
 Over Lazarus, "Jesus wept."

Though He sensed the great salvation
 Which through Him was brought to earth,
 And could call with animation
 To the sleeping dead—"Come forth!"
 He, "the life—the resurrection,"
 Unto all who will accept—
 With cold, mortal death's connection,
 In compassion, "Jesus wept."

"Jesus wept." And we are weeping,
 Though we know our dead shall be
 Safe and happy in His keeping
 Who hath said: "Come, follow me!"
 We accept His full salvation
 And must follow where He stepped.
 He, our hope and consolation—
 Jesus suffered—"Jesus wept!"

An Indian Experience

BY ELLEN L. JAKEMAN

The following story of early days in Utah was related to me by a pioneer, and I have endeavored to give it in his own words:

"My father had located on a piece of ground several miles up a small canyon adjacent to the settlement where we lived. There was a comparatively level flat of about thirty acres. This was covered with a sturdy growth of scrub oak, and we surely earned that ground while preparing it for the plow. We did not get the grubbing all done the first, nor yet the second, year; but cleared enough to put in several five-acre patches of wheat, and it did well. The place was under fence, and where we had not cleared off the oak brush, there grew a very succulent species of blue grass. It grew everywhere, of course, but more especially among the oak brush along the course of the mountain stream. Being under fence it had remained undisturbed by the cattle and Indian ponies that pastured the creek bottom in the late summer. The wheat had been cut and shocked, but not yet hauled from the field, and I was sent up one morning to see if it was all right.

"I was fighting mad when I found a dozen or more Indian ponies inside the fence, full as ticks, browsing round with great contentment. They had been inside all night, by the looks of things, and I opened wide a gate, and with a handful of stones to help me convince them that outside the fence was a more desirable place, I started to chase them out. I supposed they had broken down the fence, and come in of themselves, but had not been running them many minutes when an Indian stalked out of the brush and ordered me to quit.

"Then I saw there was an Indian

encampment just outside the field, and that the Indians had torn down a panel of fence and turned the ponies in themselves. That made me good and mad! Too lazy or too proud to work, and expecting all kinds of favors from the settlers, they still thought they might destroy what white men had labored to produce! The Indians came out of their wigwams and jeered me. I was only about twelve years old, but knew what the Indians were capable of doing at times. Still I kept on chasing the ponies, for I had been sent to drive them out and the pride of the white race was in me compelling me to dominate and prove my superiority,—an unrecognized inheritance.

"The Indian that had bidden me desist was stalking after and threatening me. Finally when the ponies found the open gate and began filing out to escape the stones I kept throwing at them, this Indian jerked his bow to position, and with an arrow drawn to the head, told me he would kill me if I did not leave the ponies alone.

"It was a heavy bow such as they used in hunting, and I knew if hit with an arrow from it I would be transfixed, but I also knew Indian psychology, though I had never heard the word, and that it would not do to weaken under a threat, so I went right on driving them, though I will admit I was badly frightened.

"I heard some shouting from the camp, could not distinguish the words, but thought of course they were urging him to shoot me, but I chased the last pony out and went out myself and was swinging the heavy gate into place, when an Indian grabbed me from behind. I jerked away from him and finished shutting the gate, and turned and faced my captor.

"It was a Medicine Man I had met on a rather notable occasion. We both involuntarily grunted recognition, and stood and eyed each other for a full minute, and it was a struggle to keep him from out-staring me.

"By this time most of the Indians from the encampment had arrived, and also the Indian with the bow and arrow. They held a small 'pow-wow,' and while not understanding many of the words, I knew that some were for killing me, and others, among them, the Medicine Man, were opposing it.

"Finally the Medicine Man turned to me and said in fairly good English:

"The good, blue grass that grows among these oaks all belongs to the Indians, from the white man's lodge of logs to far over the mountains, does it not?"

"I studied that over a few minutes and then said: 'Yes, I guess it does.'

"Then why do you chase our ponies off from the very best place to eat?"

"Well, what about our wheat?' I asked assuming as turbulent an air as I could.

"My questioner paused a moment and then said: 'Our ponies are not raised to be dishonest as your cows are. They come up the canyon and eat all the Indian grass,' and he made very graphic signs and motions, like a greedy cow trying to bite every bunch of grass in sight; and it would have been funny at a less critical time. 'Our ponies eat only what belongs to them,' he continued,—'just the grass among the oaks.'

"I made a sufficiently expressive grimace and waved my hands so contemptuously that it was almost equal to calling him a liar.

"He seemed to want to convince me, so after a slight pause he said:

"If our ponies eat a little wheat they do as the squaws do,' and he gravely gave a fine delineation of a squaw gleaning the scattered heads

from the ground, and also of picking them up with a long, limber upper lip as the ponies do.

"I laughed at his description, but you may be sure it was a somewhat sickly attempt.

"Who told you that you could fence the Indian's pasture and plant wheat?"

"That was a poser! I did not know, so I said, 'If you would fence a field and plant wheat, we would not let our cows and ponies eat it, and if we did you would kill and eat them.'

"The Medicine Man's brow grew dark with anger, and I felt sure I had said the wrong thing; and when a fellow is talking for his life, that is a regrettable blunder.

"Who has killed the Indian's cattle, the deer?"

"I knew but did not think it wise to reply.

"Who killed all the buffalo that used to roam in vast herds over the country, giving the Redman food, tents and clothes?' he asked.

"I knew it was white men, but did not care to add fuel to the fire that I saw smoldering in the Medicine Man's dark eyes. Then a bright idea came to me.

"The white men who killed the buffalo are of the same tribe that fought my people and drove them away from their homes, so they came to live among the Utes.'

"All the Indians but the Medicine Man gave a grunt of approval and I felt I had 'rung the bell.'

"Who catches all the fish, leaving nothing for the Indians?' he asked sternly, fixing me with his eagle eye.

"I knew all about the fish, too. No one had ever suggested to me before that they belonged to the Indians or anybody else. It had always seemed to me that they were one of the beneficent gifts of God, and anyone who needed them, or wanted to, might appropriate them. I had been with older boys fishing and with them had jeered

the Indians who were jabbing at the fish with a flint arrow head affixed to a shaft made of an elderberry cane; or when they did not have an arrow flint, they made a substitute of the almost iron-hard grease-wood. They seemed to know nothing about either barbed hook, line or bait, and the fish had to be pretty thick at even spawning time, for the Indians to make much headway with their clumsy methods. We fished with hooks and lines, it is true, but real hooks were scarce, and most of us used a home-made contrivance—the tines of an old pitchfork worked over by a skillful blacksmith who put barbs on them. This on the end of a slender pole we called a spear; but when the blacksmith made several to be used on the same shaft, we called it a ‘gig,’ and in the hands of a practiced boy it was very effective.

“The Indians kept giving me a chance to answer their question, and as nothing that would help my cause presented itself to my mind, I remained silent, determined to ask advice as to our attitude toward these matters, if I ever got home again.

“‘All the service berries are ours, too,’ the chief said somberly. ‘When the ‘Mormons’ first came, our squaws would take big baskets full of berries and sell them to you people to get flour, bread and other things the Indians needed. What did your people do? Found where our gardens that Manitou had planted for us grew, and took all they wanted, and said ‘No,’ to the squaws when they came to trade. The warriors took deer hides and beaver fur to sell and were cheated! What say?’

“I could see nothing but truth in his statements, and knew most, if not all of them, were true. I felt like I belonged to a criminal race and had been convicted. In sheer desperation I said:

“‘Why don’t you go and tell the bishop? That’s what my dad does

when someone does him dirt. He don’t go and jaw the feller’s kid.’

“The Indians did not smile, but there was a faint lightening of the dark scowls that rested upon their countenances, and I took heart of grace, and said a lot about what the ‘Mormons’ had done for the Indians in contradistinction to what had been done by other white men.

“‘I’ll get the blacksmith to make you some gigs to catch fish, and if the squaws will say which patches of berries they are going to pick, we’ll let the bishop know; and I believe he will see to it that they are left alone. Hasn’t he given you Indians flour out of the tithing office when big snows come, even if you *had* laid around all summer? If one of us was too lazy or high-toned to plant and harvest grain, the bishop would come near letting us starve, and serve us right.’ Where words failed me I did the talking with my hands.

“The Indians were regarding me silently, but their hostility had lessened, and I was leaning against the field gate with my arms loped over a pole, trying to give them a convincing picture of perfect nonchalance. I tried to speak up like I was the grown man.

“‘When your squaws come to town we buy their berries and pine-nuts, and when they come with nothing to sell we feed them and the papooses, anyhow. God made all the berries, pine-nuts, deer, buffalo and beaver, and we are his children, too, and he told us to come here.’

“They were grouped between me and the road that led toward home, and I did not think it safe to attempt to go just yet, and do not know what might have occurred, if two men from town had not ridden up, and asked what was the matter.

“‘Nothing,’ I said heartily. ‘This is a big Medicine Man, and we are great friends. Is it not so?’ I asked him, direct.

“He looked at the guns across the

saddles of the new comers, looked at his warriors and at me, and a slow smile like a shadow of mirth just touched the corners of his grim mouth. He folded his blanket around him with great dignity and replied: 'It is so.' Then speaking to the men and indicating me: 'He has promised that the fire-worker,' and he made motions of handling and hammering hot metal, 'will make,—' ('gigs,' I supplemented),—'and teach my young men to catch many fish. Does he speak with a forked tongue?'

"'No, his tongue is straight,' said one of the men. 'You will get just two gigs.' Then turning to me and speaking in a sort of dog-Latin school children of that day affected, he said: 'Great guns, Bub, when you promise a Lamanite anything, learn to limit the promise! Be *definite* or you will never get through paying.'

"'What say?' asked the chief suspiciously.

"'Look here, youngster, you better get for home, or your mother will—' and he made motions of switching me; whereat all the Indians laughed.

"It is needless to say that I left with alacrity. The men sat on their horses and engaged the Indians in friendly conversation till I was a good mile down the canyon, and then went about their business, only pausing as I

rode round the field to put up the fence the Indians had torn down.

"They knew I was being held prisoner by those Indians, but diplomacy develops rapidly where peace is really desired. One wrong or accusing word might have precipitated a serious row.

"I had rather tricked the Medicine Man into an avowal of friendship, but it held good as long as he lived.

"When my father reported the matter, the bishop came to see me, commended me, and advised that the affair should not be talked about. He had the blacksmith make a number of gigs and spears besides the ones I had promised the Medicine Man, (which I presented to the chief with my own hands), and ordered that the extra ones be sold to the Indians as cheaply as possible. He told the boys to be kind and generous about showing the Indians how to use them, for the fish really were a gift of God, and the better we treated the Indians about them, the more there would be for us; and we believed him, and it was not long until they were beating us at our own game. The bishop in a men's meeting, also put a fair and definite price on all commodities the Indians offered for sale, and told the people of the town that he expected Church members to abide by it; and it was very generally observed."

The things of the world are ever rising and falling, and in perpetual change; and this change must be according to the will of God, as he has bestowed upon man neither the wisdom nor the power to enable him to check it. The great lesson in these things is, that man must strengthen himself doubly at such time to fulfil his duty, and to do what is right, and must seek his happiness and inward peace from objects which cannot be taken away from him.—*Wilhelm von Humboldt*.

Without the love of books the richest man is poor; but endowed with this treasure of treasures, the poorest man is rich. He has wealth which no power can diminish, riches which are always increasing, possessions which the more he scatters the more they accumulate, friends who never desert him, and pleasures which never cloy.—*John Alfred Langford*.

Which Way?

BY ELSIE HOFFMAN BUCHANAN

"Stack o' wheats," sang out the busy waiter at McDugan's lunch counter. "Stack o' wheats," echoed Sambo's melodious bass from behind the smoky partition, whence a clatter of dishes and pans kept tempo with the rumbling, bumping street cars as they jogged by the open door of the place.

Paul whisked the flies off the syrup mug with his counter rag, and pushed the wheat cakes toward the impatient customer. Glancing anxiously at the greasy clock, he quickly gathered up the dirty dishes strewn along the counter. McDugan watched his quick movements approvingly, as he brushed the crumbs carefully off the counter.

Then Paul consulted his watch. A tiny picture of a girl's face was pasted on it. He smiled fondly while a flood of happy memories rushed through his mind. "And this is the day Louise gets here!" he murmured to himself. His pulses quickened as he recalled the last evening they had spent together before he had left home. How she had blushed like a lovely rose when he had asked her to wear his high-school ring while he was gone! "Has she been wearing it all this time?" he wondered.

The clock struck eight. "I'd like to leave a little earlier than usual this morning, McDugan," Paul finally announced, fumbling with the knot of his apron. "Got to go down to the station."

"Go 'head," responded his friendly boss. He watched the handsome young fellow curiously out of the corner of his eye. "Ain't you goin' to school this mornin'?"

"Sure, but I'll miss my first class." Paul flung his apron over the partition and snatched his hat off the rack.

Suddenly a broad grin broke out on the Irishman's face. "Say, boy, is *she* comin' today from Utah?" Paul flashed him a happy smile. Then he darted out of the door and caught a passing street car, leaving the older man chuckling to himself, "Sure stuck on that dame. Wouldn't step another skirt in New York! Well—hope she's half good 'nough for him. Too swell a guy to get jipped by any common rubbish!"

"Are you sure that train forty-seven is on time?" Paul asked the gate-man for the third time, as he paced back and forth in the Pennsylvania Avenue station. The minutes crawled by like hours.

"Will she be on that train?" he asked himself a dozen times. "Wonder if she's changed any?" He glanced anxiously into a mirror and adjusted his tie.

Clang! The iron gates were thrown open. Passengers were streaming out. "Louise!" He was holding her in his arms, unaware of the people brushing by them.

Reluctantly he released her to shake hands with her aunt who had been standing by, admiring the tall, handsome young man who once had been her Sunday School pupil. She had heard, with pride, of his splendid activity in the Brooklyn branch, through the returned missionaries.

Mrs. Bagley walked over to the Information window, and Louise and Paul sat down on one of the benches to await her return.

"It's great to see you again, Louise. You haven't changed a bit." His hungry eyes were devouring her. Was he trying to penetrate her thoughts to re-assure himself that she had not changed in her feelings toward him?

"Nor have you changed any, Paul." Her dark eyes glowed with understanding, as he pressed her hand.

As of old, her face was calm and thoughtful, but when she did smile, it was like brilliant sunshine darting into a cool, leafy bower. Paul marveled that anyone could be half so sweet and beautiful as she was.

"I wish you weren't going to Europe," he said seriously. "At least, not until I could replace this ring with a better one." He studied her face thoughtfully, while he fingered his ring which was on her hand.

She dropped her eyes beneath his earnest gaze and a delicate blush suffused her cheeks.

Three matronly ladies seated themselves on the bench, alongside of Paul, much to his annoyance.

"You'll probably see Grant Trowbridge over there, if you visit the London branch," Paul commented, after the ladies had settled themselves on the bench.

"Is he laboring in London now?" Louise queried.

"Yes. He wrote me that he'll be there now until he is released from his mission."

"By the way, have you seen anything of his sister, June?" Louise appeared to have suddenly become interested in her gloves, and was smoothing out each finger carefully.

"She's in one of my classes this summer!" he exclaimed eagerly, not having noticed the difference in tone of her last question. "But Louise, tell me what's new at home. Are Charley and Fern married yet?"

She related all the home news she could think of and they talked and laughed over some of the good times they used to have when the old crowd was together.

"I'm glad you girls used to make us fellows wash the dishes sometimes," he said. "You trained me for my present employment. I've got a new job now, slinging hash."

"Well, I certainly admire your grit and determination to get through school!" she exclaimed with dewy eyes.

"If I'm lucky, I'll get through by fall, and then Louise—."

But Mrs. Bagely had returned, and wanted to go shopping before they had to board the ship. It was scheduled to leave at five o'clock. Paul put them in a taxi and promised to see them again at four o'clock at the dock.

That afternoon all was bustle and confusion on the enormous, covered pier. The scheduled time for departure of the gigantic European liner was drawing near. Stewards and messenger boys were scurrying through the crowd. The atmosphere was tense with excitement, and buzzing with animated conversation.

Paul had found Louise and her aunt on the broad promenade deck, which was now being rapidly filled with passengers.

Three loud blasts startled them. "The signal for departure," explained Mrs. Bagley. Paul shook hands warmly with her. "Take good care of Louise now, won't you. And tell Grant Trowbridge 'Hello' for me, if you see him over there. By jove! that reminds me Louise," he said, turning to her. "June asked me to tell you that she had an examination and just couldn't come down to see you off."

Another loud blast gave him the final warning. He could scarcely say goodbye to Louise before he was rushed down the gangway with other visitors.

Whistles were blowing, orders being shouted, signals flashing, bands playing, and bells ringing. The gang-planks were being raised. The crowds on the shore pressed forward, shouting and frantically waving goodbye, as the great floating-palace slowly glided away from the dock.

When the ship was well on its way, Louise and her aunt went to their cabin to unpack. Weary of the eventful

day's excitement, Mrs. Bagley was soon in peaceful slumber, but Louise was too thrilled to sleep.

"Am I *really* on my way to Europe?" she asked herself.

For years she had worked, saved, and planned for this trip. Many times she had denied herself pleasures and pretty clothes, in order to swell her little bank account. Although reared by her aunt in very humble circumstances, she had always yearned to travel and see the world. She had clerked in Mr. Timkins' store, where she used to admire the pretty dresses that other girls could afford to buy. Later she had been transferred to his office, where her meagre salary had been slightly increased. Working long hours in the dark, dingy office had become very distasteful to her, but finally the happy day arrived when she could leave the dreary office and commence the long-dreamed-of trip to Europe. She breathed a prayer of thankfulness, and drifted off to the land of dreams.

"Music! A silvery trumpet. Where am I?" thought Louise, as the first notes roused her from her deep slumbers. In an instant, she was awake. "It's the first call for breakfast."

The gentle lashing of the waves against the ship reminded her that the great sea, just outside the wall, was calling to her. She sat up to look out of the porthole just above her berth. Endless swells of deep, blue water stretched before her view. A little jingle which Paul had once told her came to her mind:

"I was thinking of the many shores
the wandering waves caressed,
Of the many times your lips to mine
were pressed.

I was thinking how in all this world,
I love you best of any—"

A hearty laugh in deep melodious voice interrupted her musings. She listened attentively, wondering who the man was. He had evidently just

walked through the corridor, and was already beyond her hearing.

After breakfast, Louise and her auntie enjoyed a delightful promenade on the deck. Then they strolled into the luxurious lounging room, where they met some congenial people. Among them, Louise detected the owner of the laughing voice who had piqued her curiosity.

He was a tall, well-dressed man of thirty-five, whose perfect tailoring and handsome physique attracted one's attention. His silken manners and deep self-assurance suggested to a keen observer that the man had, on many voyages, "lived, laughed and loved." When he talked, he usually fingered an exquisite little Masonic charm, which hung from his watch-chain.

"Auntie, isn't Mr. Steiner fascinating?" Louise exclaimed, as they were dressing for dinner.

"He has a pleasing personality," Mrs. Bagley answered. "That Mrs. Schofield, with whom I was talking, told me that Mr. Steiner is the European buyer for a big New York firm."

"I suppose he'll be at the dance tomorrow night," Louise commented, taking another survey of herself in the mirror, and pinning down an unruly lock of her dark hair.

The next afternoon, the stewards were busy decorating the deck, and everybody was enthused about the dance.

The night was ideal, a smooth sea, big silvery moon, while a fine string orchestra swayed the light-hearted dancers. Some of the girls realized their fond hopes when Mr. Steiner danced with them. More than one pair of eyes followed his splendid form through the crowd.

"May I have this dance, Miss Bagley?" Louise heard him saying. Before she realized it, she was waltzing with him. Had she ever enjoyed a dance more than this one? she asked herself, as they glided over the deck in perfect rhythm. Yes—the night

Paul had given her his ring to wear.

Mr. Steiner was clasping her hand so tightly that Paul's ring hurt her. "I've never had the pleasure of visiting Utah," he was saying. "The 'Mormons' are a peculiar people, aren't they?"

She met his questioning gaze. As she hesitated an instant, she felt her cheeks flush. "Y-yes," she faltered, and he continued. "I understand they have a very unique organization, but I suppose they are very much the same as other people, as a whole."

After a wretched moment of indecision, she again agreed with him.

"I've heard that Utah is noted for her beautiful daughters," he added, "and now I am convinced."

How her heart beat!

Later, in her stateroom, she smiled at herself in the mirror, as his last words rang in her ears. What was there about this man that made him so different from anyone she had ever known before? Everybody seemed to like him so very much; especially the girls! Then she pondered over his questions about her Church, with a disquieting twinge in her heart. She wished she had told him why they were a peculiar people. Paul would have welcomed such an opportunity, but she had utterly failed.

Lying awake in her berth, she resolved that she would tell Mr. Steiner some time about her Church and people. She asked her Heavenly Father to help her carry out her decision.

After the concert the next evening, Mr. Steiner drew Louise aside from the crowd. "Shall we go for a stroll on the upper deck?" he queried. They strolled awhile and then sat down to enjoy the beautiful summer night.

Relaxed in the big, comfortable chairs, they studied the starry heavens illuminated by the full moon. He smoked his cigarette in silence.

"I wonder what the stars would tell us, if they could talk," Louise commented in an awed tone.

"I'll tell you some time," he answered with a deep, mysterious laugh; then he added, more seriously, "They are the victims of law, the same as we are."

"Made and held in position by an All-wise Creator," she interrupted.

"What makes you think that?"

Her heart fluttered an instant. Then she answered emphatically, "Because I know that God, our Father in heaven, understands all the laws of the universe." He was surprised at her positiveness, and through his questions, he learned a great deal about her faith and her Church.

"Have you noticed this little charm I wear on my—" he began.

"Yes indeed," she interrupted. "What does it mean?"

"It's the emblem of the degree I hold as a Mason. The Masonic Lodge is an ancient order of brotherhood and it embodies my religious beliefs. Our temple rituals can be traced back to Solomon's temple."

"I wish you could see our magnificent temples," Louise exclaimed, enthusiastically, "but of course only members of our Church are admitted to them." He was surprised to hear how solemn and binding the "Mormon" temple marriages are, as compared to those of other creeds. Then she told him about the vast missionary system of her Church, and that she knew one of the missionaries in London—Grant Trowbridge. He would be able to explain their religion much better than she could.

"You are very sincere in your belief, aren't you, little girl?" He softly pressed her hand, which rested on the arm of her deck chair. She gently withdrew it. "You're a good little preacher," he continued. "Can't we be closer friends, Louise?"

The stars shone brighter. The lady in the moon smiled down, understandingly. The girl's heart skipped a beat, as she shyly acceded to his request to become friends.

The next morning Louise wrote a long, newsy letter to Paul, in which she related her Gospel conversation with Mr. Steiner. She thought Paul would have gloried in such an opportunity.

The girl thoughtfully studied the picture of Paul which was pasted on the fly-leaf of her diary. Would he ever be rich like Bruce Steiner? Would he ever be able to act as cultured as this man who had traveled all over the world and knew such prominent people?

She pictured Paul "slinging hash" (as he called it) in a cheap lunch-room. It certainly wasn't very dignified, but she admired him for his pluck. And he was so much younger than Mr. Steiner, and such a dear fellow. She fancied she could see him rushing to school from the lunchroom. June, the only daughter of wealthy Ed. Trowbridge, was also attending Columbia this summer! She used to invite Paul to their house so much! Thinking of June made Louise realize how dear Paul was to her.

By evening the waves were pitching high, crowned with foamy white-caps. The dense fog produced a clammy drizzle. The great fog horns were blowing incessantly, and a sharp wind swept the open decks.

At an appointed hour Louise met Mr. Steiner on the upper deck. As they crossed it, a driving wind, accompanied by a sharp lurch of the ship, sent the girl staggering across the dark deck. Suddenly two strong arms steadied her. She clung to Bruce Steiner to keep from falling. The storm seemed to lose its fury when his strong arms were around her. The blood tingled in her veins as he laughed exultantly, "How now, my little preacher?"

Then he led her inside. They descended a broad marble staircase into the drawing-room, which seemed very brilliant after the outside darkness. It's grandeur bewildered Louise,

and she asked herself, "Is this a ship or a king's palace?"

Gorgeously gowned women and well-groomed men were chatting in groups, or reclining in the luxurious arm chairs. The air was fragrant with the perfume of flowers, and a symphony was being played exquisitely by a hidden orchestra. "This really is life, life!" Louise thought. What a contrast to the long hours of drudgery in Mr. Timkins' dingy office, where she had to rush to work every morning, and return home each night weary and exhausted.

Mr. Steiner introduced her to some of his acquaintances in the room, and she observed the ease with which he seemed to mingle with them. She longed for the poise and grace of these people. She marveled at the way they talked of parties and incidents in Paris, Rome, New York, Washington, Berlin, London, Capetown; just as though they were a group of country towns, all in one locality. A glorious new world had suddenly opened to her.

The evening was a novel one for Louise, as were the alluring days which followed. Bruce Steiner observed how thrilled she was with his friends, and took every opportunity to let her mingle with them, telling her interesting bits of gossip about the brilliant Lady Huntington, or Baron von Willaredt, or the wealthy Mrs. Campbell.

The eight days' ship-life, in the company of one so fascinating as Mr. Steiner, had been as a revelation to the small-town girl. She began to wonder whether she was the same poor little girl who had drudged in Mr. Timkins' office.

Louise was promenading the deck with Mr. Steiner on their last evening aboard ship. "Tomorrow I shall attend our Sunday School in London!" she announced happily. They were watching the lights blink and glimmer on the English coast, as the ship drew steadily toward the harbor.

"I'll be there, too!" he jovially responded. "I'll try anything once."

Early the next morning they found suitable rooms in a London hotel. Mrs. Bagley was suffering with a severe headache and remained at the hotel. Louise got information from the hotel clerk how to find the "Mormon" Church.

Sunday School had just commenced in the little London branch when she and Mr. Steiner entered the hall. They were singing "O Ye Mountains High." To her, it was like coming home, to hear those dear, familiar strains. "The same spirit is here," she thought, as she joined in the singing.

After the meeting, Grant Trowbridge hastened to Louise, where he was surprised to meet Mr. Steiner. He was eager for news from home—of Paul and June. Louise flushed uncomfortably when he plied her with questions about Paul, and it irritated her when he joked her about Paul and June being in summer school together.

"Are you going to stay for church?" he queried of Louise and Mr. Steiner.

"Oh, goodness, no!" retorted the latter. "We've done our duty now for a long time, haven't we, Louise? Let's go down to Piccadilly Circus."

She turned slowly and hesitatingly toward the door. She had certainly planned to stay for church when she came, but it was evident that he had been either bored or oddly amused with her Sunday School. She was half angry at herself as they rode to town in a taxi.

But Piccadilly was entrancing to Louise, as were also the many other places in London to which Bruce took her. What a man! He seemed to know everything—where to go, what to do, and how to do it. And as one happy day slipped by after another, the little twinges of conscience that persisted to annoy her, grew less frequent.

One morning he received a telegram which necessitated his immediate flight to Paris. He reserved three seats in

the noon plane, and then persuaded the unwilling Mrs. Bagley and the willing Louise to accompany him. Of the twelve seats in the glass-enclosed cabin, Louise noticed that Bruce had reserved the very best ones for them, and he was much offended because she and her aunt insisted on paying for them. Indeed, Mrs. Bagley, though naturally unsuspicious, was beginning to feel that Mr. Steiner was much too attentive.

The trip was a thrilling one for her. There was no conversation in the plane because of the deafening noise of the engine. Bruce wrote some reports and letters during the two and one-half hour trip. Occasionally he handed her a little note. One of these brought a happy flush to her cheeks as she read, "Darling girl—can't we go through life this way together?" She thrilled at the prospect of a continuous life of sensation and new experiences. "On aeroplanes, ships, trains; living in fine hotels and wearing beautiful clothes!" she thought. "How wonderful!"

While she was soaring through the air over the French countryside, dreaming of a life of ease and luxury, Louise carelessly turned the pages of a magazine which was lying on her lap. Suddenly one of the advertisements in it caught her eye.

A cozy kitchen window, with dainty ruffled curtains—the kind she had always planned to have in her own little home, *some day*. And a bird cage by the window! A young father was romping with his little girl on the cheery kitchen floor. The puppy was in the fray, too. What fun! Paul liked to romp with little kiddies that way. Suddenly a flood of memories swept over her.

How Paul worshipped his baby sister! Louise recalled the day he brought her over to visit them, while she was baking her first angel-food cake. How Paul had enjoyed that cake, on the corner of the kitchen table, declaring he had never in all his life eaten such a delicious morsel—that

it was certainly fit for angel's food, having been made by one of them! Louise had laughingly threatened, "I'll bake a devil's-food cake next time, and then maybe you'll know when to stop eating!" His punishment had been to wash the dishes, and what a time he had getting into her new "fantangled" apron.

Now her eyes rested on the older man sitting near her in the plane. How deep the lines in his face were! How grey his temples! Strange that she hadn't noticed these before. Children annoyed him. She recalled, with displeasure, an incident on the ship, when he had scolded a sunny, little, curly-headed boy for playing Indian too loud.

The matter slipped from her mind when they alighted in Paris, and drifted into the captivating life of the gay French capital. The charming boulevards, the cafes, the theatres, art galleries—endless thrills!

But sometimes when Louise was all alone with her thoughts, as when studying the exquisite paintings in the Louvre, or after her prayers at night, she felt a disquieting unrest in her heart. Would Bruce exact a promise from her before she sailed for home? Was she obligated to him? But she usually drowned her troubling thoughts in refreshing sleep.

"Isn't Paris beautiful!" Louise exclaimed one day as they stood alone on the highest *etage* of the lofty Eiffel Tower, viewing the world far below them.

"It surely is, with *you* here, dearest," and he put his arm around her. "Let's get married before you leave Paris," he pleaded.

"Married?" She repeated the word almost audibly. While she had been fascinated by his attentions, she had not seriously thought of marrying him. She had always associated her wedding day with the Salt Lake Temple, as something sacred and very beautiful. So now she was silent and confused.

Bruce Steiner was disappointed. All his powers of persuasion could not induce her to get married before she sailed for home. She would not decide definitely. Something had a strong hold on her which he could not fathom. He did not know the sacred truths deeply imbedded in her soul; nor that thoughts of a fine young student in New York were constantly coming up in her mind.

He unlinked from his watch-chain the Masonic charm, which Louise had always admired. Handing it to her, he said, "Take this, dear. I'll be in Berlin for the next four weeks. I want this charm back, as I value it highly. But if you decide as I hope you will, you may keep it for me until I see you in New York. I hope my charm will bring you back to me."

The next day, the big ship lay anchored near Cherbourg, waiting for the last load of passengers to be brought to her by the tender.

"Farewell!" Bruce Steiner waved to Louise and Mrs. Bagley, as the rolling sea widened between them. So long as his tall figure was visible on the shore, Louise waved her handkerchief. The sea air was refreshing. Louise spent many hours in her deck chair. She dreamed of the happy days spent with Bruce Steiner, and then she thought of Paul.

Why had he not written more often of late? In vain she had looked for a letter from him before leaving Paris. What had Grant Trowbridge written to him? What of June? Paul knew the date that Louise and her aunt were to arrive in New York. Would he be there to greet them?

The eventful day arrived. As they sailed past the Statue of Liberty the ship's band played "America," and Louise was thrilled to see her native land again. She looked anxiously at the crowd on the pier, but Paul was not there. Someone else was there, however, that she knew.

June Trowbridge came hurrying to,

ward her. What joy it was to see a familiar face from home, but Louise's heart was heavy.

June chatted gaily about New York and her delightful summer at Columbia. Finally she spoke of Paul. Louise's pulses quickened.

"He is going to debate tonight against a minister," June was saying. "Why, how is that?" exclaimed Mrs. Bagley.

"Well, you see, our missionaries here think that Paul is the best speaker in the branch. He works here in the branch, you know, and so they insisted that he accept the challenge of this minister, Reverend Markham."

"And you say it's tonight, June?" Louise had found her tongue.

"We must certainly go!" Mrs. Bagley exclaimed. "Where is it to be?"

"I think I can find the church all right," June answered.

They had time enough to go to a hotel first, and unpack their suitcases. Then they took a street car out to the church. It was a fine, large structure, and was almost filled with well-dressed men and women. Down in the front, on the rostrum, Louise recognized Paul.

The minister had commenced his speech, and the audience was listening intently. His voice became louder and sharper, as he thundered out his accusations against the "Mormons." He pounded on the pulpit for emphasis. Pointing his finger at Paul, he dramatically demanded of him to try to disprove the statements he was making.

Louise flushed with anger at the statements he was making about her people. Her heart went out to Paul

up there all alone—the target for these base accusations and clever misinterpretations. "If I could only help him," she thought. She closed her eyes in an effort to calm herself, and from her heart sent forth a prayer—the most sincere she had prayed in many months.

Then Paul arose. In a fine, composed manner, he explained the principles so sacred to him, and defended his religion and his people.

"A worthy son of our brave pioneers," Louise whispered to her aunt. "But am I a worthy daughter?" she asked herself. "What am I doing to help the cause?" She thought of Bruce Steiner. A flush of guilt swept over her. She saw clearly, for the first time, that she had been standing on the edge of a dangerous precipice. How could she have been so blind?

After the debate, Louise hurried down the aisle to Paul.

"Louise!" He held her hand tightly for several moments before he could speak again, but she read his feelings in his eyes.

"You don't know how I've missed you," he murmured in a low voice.

"But, Paul, you're so thin!" she interrupted, anxiously.

"It's been a hard grind," he admitted. "But, Louise," and his tired eyes glistened, "I got by all right, and we can go home together, can't we?"

* * *

The next morning Louise walked up the broad stairs of the big New York post office. "Please register this little box," she instructed the clerk, "to Mr. Bruce Steiner at this address in Berlin."

There is a spectacle grander than the ocean, and that is the conscience. There is a spectacle grander than the sky, and it is the interior of the soul. To write the poem of the human conscience, were the subject only one man, and he the lowest of men, would be reducing all epic poems into one supreme and final epos. It is no more possible to prevent thought from reverting to an ideal than the sea from returning to the shore. With the sailor this is called the tide; with the culprit it is called remorse. God heaves the soul like the ocean.—*Joseph Cook.*

Herbert Hoover

(Conclusion)

BY MARY C. KIMBALL

In 1914 Hoover and those associated with him had 175,000 employees. He had made successful out of unsuccessful mines, good mines out of bad ones; he had raised bankrupt mining companies to solvency, not by manipulation of the stock exchange, but by getting out the ore and making the mills efficient. Kellog says, "A successful mine is infinitely more than a hole in the ground with mineral at its bottom. It is railroads and steamers, mills, housing for the men, men themselves, organization, system, skill, brains, all-around human capacity. Herbert Hoover is a great miner because he is a great man."

Hoover's *Principles of Mining* has been a text for students since it came from the press in 1909. The book is a condensation of lectures delivered at Columbia and Stanford. The first part is devoted to technical methods, the latter part to "the character training and obligations of the mining engineering profession." The author "sets up a standard of professional ethics for the engineer of the very highest degree and reveals his own genuinely philanthropic attitude toward his fellow-men."

Hoover collaborated with others in the production of *Economic Mining*. In 1912 he published a very beautiful edition of an English translation of Agricola's *De Re Metallica*. This work, first published in Latin in 1556, was the first treatise on mining and metallurgy and was the standard manual for one hundred and eighty years. Mrs. Hoover worked with her husband on the translation which occupied their Sundays and evenings for nearly five years.

Hoover's work during the war made

him a great world figure. His first service was to help aid seventy thousand stranded American travelers to get home. Rich as well as poor were helpless because letters of credit, travelers' checks and drafts were only printed paper. They needed money. He gathered together his own money and that of his friends and opened a bank, unique in that it had no depositors but gave out money against personal checks signed by unknown Americans on unknown banks. Of several hundred thousand dollars he thus risked on American integrity all but \$250 came back. He found room, passage on steamers. He raised a charity fund for the needy. All who could prove their American citizenship were given whatever was necessary from this fund. Hoover received no salary from the government or from relief organizations for his services all during the war. He gave up a large income and paid out large sums of his own to carry on the work.

Belgium depends upon constant importation of foodstuffs. (50% of her general food needs and 75% of her food grains have to be imported.) When "a ring of steel" was thrown around her it meant starvation unless outside succor was provided. The Germans finally gave permission for the importation of foodstuffs by way of the Dutch frontier and gave a guarantee that they would not be requisitioned by the German army. They would not permit, however, that money be sent from Belgium to pay for the food except a first small amount. So much difficulty was encountered that Ambassador Page and the Belgian authorities asked Hoover to organize the relief work. Mr. Page said, "If

anybody can save Belgium Hoover can. There never was such a genius for organization. He can grasp the most complex problems, wheels within wheels, and get all the cogs running in perfect harmony. Besides, he will have the courage to act promptly as well as effectively when once he has determined on the right course to pursue. He is not afraid of precedent or red tape. A man who has developed and directed large mining interests all over the world and who has been consulting engineer for over fifty mining companies cares more about doing a good job than making money; he's giving himself, now, heart and soul to this relief work, and we may be sure, if the thing is humanly possible, that he will find a way." Mr. Hoover had to purchase food for ten million people in Belgium and northern France and ship it across seas that were strewn with mines and submarines and without the normal means of transportation. He got for helpers young Americans who were anxious to work—many of them were Rhodes scholars. He arranged to transport the supplies that were needed, the cargo was stowed away, and the hatches battened before he went to get clearance papers. He said, "We must be permitted to leave at once. If I do not get four cargoes of food to Belgium by the end of the week, thousands are going to die of starvation and many more may be shot in food riots." The cabinet minister told him that what he asked was out of the question. "In the first place," he said, "there is no time, and if there were, there are no good wagons to be spared by the railways, no dock hands, and no steamers. Besides, the channel is closed to merchant ships for a week to allow the passage of army transports." "I have managed to get all these things," replied Hoover, "and am now through with them all except the steamers. This wire tells me that these are loaded and ready to sail, and I have come to you to ar-

range for their clearance." The amazed official replied, "There have been men sent to the tower for less than you have done, young man. If it were for anything but Belgium Relief,—if it were anybody but you, I should hate to think what might happen. As it is, I suppose I must congratulate you on a jolly clever coup. I'll see about the clearance papers at once."

In April, 1915, one of the ships carrying food was torpedoed by a German submarine and later an aeroplane tried to drop bombs on another. Mr. Hoover went to Berlin at once. He was told that Germany regretted this and that it would not happen again. "Thanks," said Mr. Hoover. "Perhaps your excellency has heard about the man who was bitten by a bad-tempered dog? He went to the owner to have the dog muzzled. 'But the dog won't bite you,' insisted the owner. 'You know he won't bite me and I know he won't bite me,' said the injured man, doubtfully, 'but the question is, does the dog know?'" "Herr Hoover," said the high official, "pardon me if I leave you for a moment. I am going at once to 'let the dog know.'"

Despite opposition of many kinds and from many quarters, there was never a day from the beginning of the work till the last day of need that a single commune of all the 5,000 in Belgium and France did not receive its daily bread. Nearly a billion dollars were spent by the C. R. B. for supplies and their transportation at an overhead of a little more than one-half of one per cent. During the fifty months of the relief work there came regularly, and generally safely, across the ocean and through "mine-strewn channels, rice from Rangoon, corn from Argentina, beans from Manchuria, wheat, meat, and fats from America at the rate of 100,000 tons a month."

Hoover's was the responsibility of planning and thinking out ways and means and of seeing to details. He

had constant conferences with allied foreign officers. He checked on treasuries and inspected all men sent over to help. He flitted from England to France, Belgium, Germany and America. He went to Rotterdam to examine the food ships, floating elevators, and canal boats. He was given a freedom in passing from country to country enjoyed by no one else. He preached honesty. He was an example of honesty. He had the confidence of all the powers. "He was 'the one man,' not by virtue of any official or artificial rank, but by sheer personal superiority in both constructive and administrative capacity and in effective, practical action."

He does not like to be thanked. He refused to be decorated, but the Belgians were determined to show their appreciation. One day, after fighting had ceased, when he was visiting the king and queen, the cabinet members appeared. "The king created a new order without ribbon, or button or medal and made Hoover its only member. He was simply and solemnly ordained 'Citizen of the Belgian Nation and Friend of the Belgian People.'"

After the United States entered the war, Hoover received a call to act as food administrator. President Wilson expected him to tackle the ticklish job of dealing with the stomachs and pocket-books of the American people who were not used to Government interference in their personal affairs. The average duration of a food dictator in Europe had been six months. Hoover said, "I don't want to be a food dictator for the American people. The man who accepts such a job will lie on the barbed wire of the first line of entrenchments." Hoover knew from previous experience that he could rely on the heart of America. He felt he could rely on its brains, too. He put the matter of food control before the people, pointed out the need and the way and asked them to decide.

Because of his fairness he won confidence. The people admired him for his resourcefulness and honored him because of his devotion to the nation. He worked for weeks before he was officially made United States Food Administrator. When he accepted, he stipulated that he should receive no salary and that he should have a staff that would serve without compensation. Over seven and a quarter billion dollars were expended in the purchase of supplies by the different agencies set up by the food administration.

After the Armistice, Eastern Europe was in a terrible situation. The liberated peoples of the Baltic States—Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo Slavia, and the Near East,—were in a state of starvation. It was the duty of America, Great Britain, France, and Italy to relieve them. The major relief had to come from America. All eyes turned to Hoover as the man to undertake the work. Millions were placed at his disposal. He extended help also to sufferers in Hungary, Austria, and Germany.

In 1921, through drought and famine in the Volga, fifteen to twenty million faced starvation. Sixty-five million were placed at Hoover's disposal to aid these people. He found conditions unusually hard owing to the primitiveness, illiteracy, and fatalism of the Russian peasants. Nearly a million tons of food were distributed to more than twelve million people. Millions were "deloused," vaccinated, and inoculated.

When the Mississippi flood imperiled a million and a half people, made homeless 700,000, when over half a million depended on public support, when homes were inundated, crops destroyed, and famine and pestilence hovered near, Hoover, the "man for difficult jobs," was called to take the helm. For more than three months he slept on boats or on trains. Again

he supervised the expenditure of millions in aiding sufferers.

Herbert Hoover has been aptly styled "the man for difficult jobs." He is a man not to be baffled. He thinks clearly and is resourceful. He grasps all sides of a problem and gets at the essence of a thing. He decides quickly and works efficiently. He is courageous, self-reliant and determined. He has an uncanny power to find and use what he needs. He is tireless in seeing to details. He believes in council, he goes to the highest authority for information and while "his decisions are his own they are always based upon a conference with the largest number of the best informed people he can gather for a free discussion before he decides."

He is honest and straightforward. He cares more for principle than for party or politics. He has merited and won world-wide confidence in his ability and integrity. When the allies permitted Germany to be provisioned under the armistice, she had such confidence in the integrity of Hoover, that she unhesitatingly placed in his hands 220,000,000 German gold marks.

He has creative imagination. A friend says of him, "He never touches an enterprise that does not appeal to his imagination as a great constructive job. He likes to do new things in new ways."

Although he has been such a busy life, while he does the work of several each day, he has read widely. Books are in all the rooms of his home. He always reads some before he goes to

sleep—on mining geology, metallurgy, economic and political science.

He has been deeply interested in universities and has done much for his alma mater. When it looked as though Belgium would have to close her institutions of higher learning, he made it possible for them to remain open. A dozen American colleges and universities have conferred honorary degrees upon him.

He has served with marked ability as Secretary of Commerce. He is devoted to America and is rated as the most constructive man in American life.

He has few recreations, he neither plays golf nor tennis, and walks but little.

He has won the confidence and admiration and love of the peoples of the world. He is a great man for he has been servant to millions.

PROBLEMS

1. Tell of Hoover's birth, parentage, and early life.
2. What was a great factor in leading Hoover to become an engineer?
3. Tell of his Stanford life.
4. Point out characteristics of Hoover as illustrated in his mining life.
5. What has Hoover contributed to the literature of mining?
6. Tell some of the most interesting things connected with Hoover's war service.
7. Show that the appellation "the man for difficult jobs" is an apt one for Hoover.
8. What has made Hoover so successful and so greatly loved?

Our government has been tried in peace and it has been tried in war, and has proved itself fit for both. It has been assailed from without, and has successfully resisted the shock; it has been disturbed within, and it has effectually quieted the disturbance. It can stand trial, it can stand assail, it can stand adversity, it can stand everything but the marring of its own beauty and the weakening of its own strength. It can stand everything but the effects of our own rashness and our own folly. It can stand everything but disorganization, disunion and nullification.—*Daniel Webster.*

Men Are That They Might Have Joy

Let It Be Wholesome

BY E. L. ROBERTS, DIRECTOR OF PHYSICAL AND SOCIAL EDUCATION, B. Y. U.

Imagine a savage, deprived of his primitive superstitions, but possessing all the other human elements of original man, suddenly placed in a modern, highly complex community. What confusion would come in his mind!

Place him in a factory—all would be bewilderment. Place him in a college—all would be perplexity. Lead him into the streets of a busy city—fear and confusion would overtake him! Talk to him about ideals in business, politics, government and his face would be a blank. Of every phase of life in which modern man is making a living, the poor savage would stand in awe; possessing, as he does, nothing with which he could interpret the strange activities around him.

Next take the original man out into those activities which represent the civilized man's leisure and not his reactions. Go fishing with him, take him for a hunt, a hike, or a climb; his eyes brighten with recognition. Escort him to a football game; he feels his blood tingle with something common. Push him into the "movies;" at first confused, he soon enjoys the battles, fights, and sensuous scenes. Attend with him the low type of vaudeville; out of the confusion he gathers "throaty" singing, suggestive costuming, acrobatic stunts, gesture and movements, most of which he understands.

Lead your hopeful pupil next into a vulgar modern rag-time party. He knows. He grasps it. The savage rhythm, the barbaric movements, the salacious positions, all appeal to him. He almost feels as if he were at home in a wild sex dance. At prize fights, cock fights, horse races, dog fights, our primitive is soon war-whooping with glee. Draw him to the club for an eve-

ning of drinking, carousing, and loud joking, and lo, the chasm between him and civilized man is almost bridged. The new-found brothers brawl and sprawl in common blood relationship.

Why this difference between the two fields of human activity? The answer is clear. In the field of "food-getting," the pressure has been so keen, the law of survival so exacting, that there has been an almost infinite push towards progress. As a result there has come such a change in the habits of civilized man that grave concern is felt lest the human body, adjusted to an entirely different type of life, should suffer to the point of race deterioration.

The leisure activities have, however, been less modified. They remain more on the primitive level. Indeed, many of the serious food-getting occupations have survived as recreative activities. Many of these are the most wholesome and relaxing of pleasure pursuits; as, for example, hunting, fishing, and camping. The reason these are restful is that old, fundamental reactions are associated with pleasure. Original situations are linked up with original responses without the strain of modification or readjustment. To release these old responses is to get rest, relaxation, and real pleasure.

If primitive recreative activities were all wholesome, the problem we are discussing would not exist. But there are numerous expressions of original tendencies that are debasing. These, too, give joy and are restful for the moment. But the price in moral degeneracy is too high. Society must ultimately suffer from the results. We have millions of men and women who, on the one hand, measure up to very high civilized standards in their work, but who, on the other, are reversions

and even perverts during many of their pleasure moments. Captains of industry, political giants, intellectual geniuses are often failures and bankrupts in the field of enjoyment.

Every care was exercised in the youth of these men and women that they should not form habits of inefficiency, carelessness, and inaccuracy in their work and study; but little or no intelligent effort was put forth to see that their 'recreative possibilities' were made rich and full, and that they did not form habits of pleasure selecting which were upon a savage plane. Their work and study were carefully directed towards a definite goal, while their leisure was allowed to drift.

Millions and millions of dollars are expended yearly in training man, from almost the cradle up, to make a living. All his original instincts are directed and modified to fit the demands of civilized life. Primitive rhythms of activity are changed, responses to situations redirected, everything done to mold the young "animal" into an economic, honest, efficient, money-making, goods-gathering citizen. The man thus trained well knows what to do during his working hours.

But leisure is a different matter. When the daily work is over, what then? It is pitiful to watch crowds of young people wondering around upon the Sabbath, or even upon a holiday, or during any other rather long period of vacation. "What shall we do?" This is the almost universal question. "Somebody start something." It is even more true of older people under certain conditions. Any protracted period of relaxation usually becomes monotonous and work is again resorted to as the only way to drive away ennui.

At this time the most natural thing to do, unless training prevents it, is the primitive thing. It gives original pleasure. It intoxicates with the liquor of our ancestral pleasures.

Knowing human nature to be thus constituted, "sellers of pleasure" arise in every community with the purpose of coining the desire for relaxation for their own financial betterment. They know what people, especially young people, want or seem to want; but they do not know why, neither do they care why. They would laugh at the suggestion that they ought to be a part of the great evolution process, that they should help educate and train for better enjoyment.

Instead, they study the art of creating enticing situations—situations that will "short circuit" original instincts. Liquor releases the brute-like man of the past, by deadening all decent and higher sensitiveness; this poison they sell without conscience. The mad rag dance short-circuits the sex instinct. The lewd vaudeville suggestion opens the savage jaw of man with sensual laughter. They justify this on the grounds that people like it, and there is no doubt about this, they do. Low drama, low scenes in the movies, and a thousand other means are used to anaesthetize the better man.

And the unfortunate thing about these "settings" is that they do furnish a form of rest and relaxation, but only to the vulgar and socially ignorant. People of this type are sometimes refreshed and more ready for the grind of daily work after an evening spent in such recreation. In the absence of better relaxation, this type may almost be justified for people that are grown and are more or less "set." They demand recreation of some sort and this form may almost be justified on the grounds that the vulgar and socially ignorant cannot really rest and enjoy the higher type. The better enjoyment is to them a bore, a weariness. But how deadly dangerous it is for the young people who are getting their habits of enjoyment fixed! It establishes in them the habit of enjoying social food seasoned with garlic and strong condiments. They become in-

capable of detecting the finer and more delicate social flavors. And, besides, these suggestive "settings" may and do cause a reversion and degeneration, even in people who have learned to enjoy better things.

For, after all, the "setting" is the principal thing. We of course have power to select, but this power is in inverse ratio to the power of the original "setting." Scratch the civilized man hard enough and you are bound to find the savage underneath. You may have to dig deep into the highly cultured or the profoundly religious. But arrange a situation designed to bring out the original man and he is most likely to appear.

To demonstrate this, I once requested two peace-loving, religious, university professors with years of culture and refinement to put on the boxing gloves for a little physical exercise. They did so. I then made secret arrangements with a half dozen young gymnasium students to watch the exercise and to comment freely but carefully among themselves upon the skill and gameness of the boxers. The exercise, which started as a friendly bout under perfect control, ended in a fierce fight with both teachers bleeding and pounding each other in real ancestral fashion. The "setting" released "the brute man of the past." A shower bath brought back the culture and there were apologies. Who was to blame? Certainly not the professors. They always had the power of choice and certainly they had the training that would seem to guarantee a gentlemanly choice. But the power of the situation was too much for them. The cheering and encouragement of the bystanders appealed to their instinct for approval. Jealousy, the fighting instinct, all were "short-circuited."

Society through its education, training and laws is constantly active in preventing "settings" which short-circuit primitive instincts in the business of making a livelihood. It has as yet

done very little towards preventing these same kinds of situations in the leisure pursuits. This we are all beginning to realize and effort is being put forth to arouse society to the seriousness of the problem of leisure.

It is to be hoped that in the not far-distant future, training for leisure will receive as much consideration as training for work. The child entering school will be given his lesson in play and recreation as regularly as he is given his other studies. Wrong habits of social enjoyment will be methodically eradicated. The adolescent boy and girl in the high school will be educated for the higher and more wholesome forms of enjoyment. Their natures will be carefully studied by experts, their original tendencies will be understood. With this understanding as a guide, "teachers of leisure" will direct the activities of young people so that they will form habits of proper pleasure getting.

Even in the universities, recreation will in the future not be looked upon as a side activity, something to be tolerated, but will be seriously provided for and taught as an opportunity for education. Training for the selection of leisure pursuits will be as dignified as that for any other part of schooling. *To make a life* will be looked upon as even more important than to *make a living*, and education for this field of human activity will form a part of the very texture of the university curriculum.

At present I believe that in the high schools and colleges the department of physical education should take under its charge most of the more active and physical forms of recreation. It should add social education to its gymnastics and athletics. It should provide opportunity for dancing, play, sports, hikes, outings, parties, etc. It should initiate wholesome vaudevilles, circuses, and motion-picture shows.

These things should be directed with the end in view of developing an ap-

petite for harmless and proper forms of relaxation. Every effort should be made to keep the activities interesting, so that they are really enjoyable. If this is not done there will be no relaxation.

To make it possible for such activities to succeed, society must, by law and the enforcement of law, make it impossible for commercialized amusements to appeal to the lower and older impulses of man by arranging "settings" which will short-circuit these old instincts. There should be no *public pleasures of a degenerating order*. Public dances should be compelled to maintain standards of decency. Vaudeville should be cleansed of their vulgar phases. Motion-pic-

ture shows should be far more rigorously censored. Each community should have the right to censor. The censoring, however, should be made by sane students of human nature and human relaxation needs, and not by intolerant fanatics.

When these things are done there will be a cleaner people, a happier people, and healthier people. Work will be more intensive and more efficient. The leisure hours will be spent in happy, wholesome, and at the same time restful and relaxing amusements. We shall have fewer bankrupts, both in the field of work and in the field of play. Mankind will be able to make a life as well as a living.

LOVE PACIFIES AND ELEVATES

A Latter-day Saint missionary was speaking on eternal family relationship. Those listening seemed to be interested. Suddenly a man interrupted with a show of anger, "You seem to think that we all actually believe what you say." The speaker answered, "Are you a minister, brother?" The response was, "Yes." Then the "Mormon" missionary followed with these words: "As a minister you desire to bring souls unto Christ, but you can never do so in anger. The Gospel message is love. The angels sang, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.'" (Luke 2:14). The congregation seemed to join in with the missionary, and even the minister saw his mistake. In parting he came up and shook hands with the speaker and good-will prevailed. Truly, "A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger." (Proverbs 15:1.)

A speaker influenced by the Holy Ghost does not get angry. He is calm. He possesses a joy of the spirit that all feel. Spirit speaks to spirit and the hearers never forget the message.

The Savior's final instruction before his intense suffering was, "These things I command you, that ye love one another." (John 15:17). His was a perfect love.

In our homes, in our daily actions, we should pray and strive for love. "Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey: whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness." (Romans 6:16). None of us can afford to obey evil influences by exercising force and anger.

President Joseph F. Smith said, "You can drive a boy, but you will drive him to hell. The only way you can successfully rear children is through the power of love." Through the irresistible power of loving service, his life was an eminent success.

Love is the greatest power in the world, love is from God, and, to go back into our Father's presence, we must love him and love his children—*Joseph S. Peery*.

Messages from the Missions

A FRIEND PAYS TRIBUTE TO MISSIONARIES

The *Era* is in receipt of the following letter from Thos. Hogarth, of High Burrows, Egton Bridge, Yorks, England:

We have recently had the pleasure of entertaining two of your young men missionaries, Mr. Nephi Cutler and Mr. Alden J. Kirkham. Now I do not want you to infer from this letter that I agree with their religious views, and I know they fully under-

stood my position in the matter. But I do want to say we had some very earnest talks on religious subjects, and I was struck with their sincerity and enjoyed their company very much. I read a good deal of their literature, including some parts of the

Book of Mormon, and all the articles in the *Improvement Era*, all of which I enjoyed; but I had to admit to them that I could not accept their doctrine. However, laying all this aside, if all your young men missionaries are as full of zeal as these boys, you certainly have reason to feel proud.

They were with us five days, and I think every time they went out, they came in wet, but this was in my favor, as I had more of their company than I should have had otherwise. My heart was touched when they told me of their beautiful Salt Lake City and of their friends and relatives. I

took a snapshot of them as they were leaving, and if it is at all possible, I should like to have both it and this letter inserted in the *Improvement Era*, to let their friends know that kindness is not a lost art in old England.

I might add that they told me of several unpleasant experiences they had met with in England, but really I was not much surprised, as children are brought up with an idea that "Mormons" are only half civilized, and must be kept at a distance, and, as I told those young men, that



LEFT: ALDEN J. KIRKHAM
RIGHT: NEPHI CUTLER

feeling will take a lot of living down. England, as a rule, is very tolerant with regard to a man's religious views. But, at the same time, they do not like their own to be interfered with, and the "Mormon" belief is so much different from anything we have heard that it is looked at with suspicion, and a visit of a couple of young men in the neighborhood does very little towards changing it. Now, if by chance this should meet the eyes of the parents of those two young men, they can rest assured that their sons are still in civilization, and are all right.

THE NORWEGIAN MISSION

BY PRESIDENT LORENZO W. ANDERSON

While Sven Larsen was on a business trip to Denmark in 1851, he became associated with a few people who told him of the restoration of the Gospel. This so impressed him that he felt he must call upon Elder Erastus

Snow, who was in charge of the Scandinavian mission. Elder Snow explained to him the first principles of the Gospel and bore a powerful testimony to the divinity of Joseph Smith's mission. These truths fell in good soil and Sven Larsen was baptized September 23, 1851. His soul was filled with exceeding joy and it was his desire to bring the same message to his countrymen in Norway. Elder Hans F. Peterson was appointed to

accompany him on his return. When they came to Risør, Norway, Brother Larsen's home town, they found that their message could not be delivered without opposition. Neither halls nor school houses could be rented for teaching such doctrines and the minister instructed Elder Peterson to get out of the country as he had no passport. They went back to Denmark, obtained the necessary papers and returned with another Elder, Johan A. Ahmanson. Unable to get a place in which to hold meetings, Sven Larsen opened his home. Attending meetings, showing friendliness to the missionaries, or accepting the Gospel, meant opposition and persecution.

From that day until the present all

advancement has been made in the face of opposition. Sven Larsen transported the elders from place to place in his lumber vessel, *Zion's Love* (Zion's Lion). Missionaries and Saints have been cast into jails and fed

on bread and water for teaching and accepting the Gospel; women have been deprived of support for themselves and children because they would not deny the truth and many have been thrown out of work because they would not renounce their covenants.

But these trials made good Saints. Then they loved each other. They were too busy getting a livelihood to think of each other's failings. When one

had sorrow they all felt it. They fasted and prayed for each other. After enduring these trials, the Lord opened the way for many to emigrate to Zion and their influence has been felt in most of the wards at home.

Conditions are different now. Last winter we had the privilege of presenting the mayor with a copy of the Book of Mormon and of holding a splendid meeting in one of the best halls in town.

Until April 3, 1920, the activities of this mission were directed from Copenhagen. August S. Schow was the first president of the Norwegian mission and sixty-five missionaries have been laboring here since then. For a time we had our own magazine,



PRESIDENT LORENZO W. ANDERSON

Morgenstjernen was published from January 15, 1922, to December 15, 1925, when it was discontinued on account of finances. Our books, tracts and *Stars* come from Denmark. There is considerable difference between the languages taught in the schools of these two nations, so many of our young people are not getting the good they should out of our Church works.

During the last two years we have had a little opposition from the police departments in three of our cities. They objected to our elders working there, but the facts were presented to Mr. Swenson, U. S. Minister to Norway, who took the matter up with the government officials and they gave us the privilege of continuing our efforts. So far as I know, we are permitted to work and hold meetings in every city in this nation. No one molests us. All the police ask of us is to report to the department when we arrive, if we stay over three days, and to report our departure. These visits have given us an opportunity of explaining the Gospel and we have made presents of some Books of Mormon to the officials. The police seem to care but little whether we are in their cities or not. We are given permission to use the cemetery chapels in which to hold services over our dead Saints. They ask us to respect their laws and naturally we desire to do so.

Norway has a state church, the Lutheran. To hold office or teach school, one must belong to it. The government builds the chapels and hires and pays the ministers for their services. All the rituals are prescribed. They are performed because the law requires it and not as an appeal from the heart. At present there is controversy among the ministers on many essential matters. There is doubt concerning the Savior's birth, his miracles and his death and resurrection. Each minister preaches his own ideas and the people are not attending as they formerly did. There is no head to which

they can appeal. It was so in the early church. When the apostles were scattered and unable to come together to settle the differences which arose among the people on doctrinal points, the apostasy began. It would be the same in our day if we did not have a head. The people talk of their preacher and not the doctrine he preaches. Many have left the state church and are associating with other churches. We are baptizing a few. Many strangers come to our meetings once or twice but we do not see them again. There are hundreds who know the Gospel is true, but various causes keep them from accepting it.

The government is helping us with our dead ancestors. A record is kept of those who are sprinkled in their infancy, of their marriages, the children born to them and the time of death. These records are carefully kept, gathered and preserved in archives and subject to inspection and perusal of anyone desiring to copy from them. Districts and smaller cities are compiling records of people who have lived there.

In one respect Norway has taken a step backward. They had prohibition here but much fault was found with the way the law was enforced. One could see drunken people on the streets but liquor was not easy to get hold of. Government officials held that the nation was being deprived of 20,000,000 kroner in revenue per year. Sixty-one ministers expressed themselves in favor of having liquor and the question was submitted to the people for a vote and the law was repealed. What a condition! Liquor is sold under government control in buildings rented by the government. Long before the door is opened, one can see men, women and children standing in line waiting to get in. Police must be there to prevent a riot. Only a few are admitted at a time. When these are served a few more are admitted. They may be seen leaving with packages containing two or more bottles. Many of

them are dressed in rags and almost barefooted. Many go about begging for food, for they must have liquor. I believe I see ten drunken persons on the streets today where I saw one while the law was in force. Bread, fuel and clothes are of less importance in the opinion of some than liquor, which never has brought joy to any home.

Books of Mormon have been sent to the editors of all newspapers in the country. This has done much good. A crusade was started to keep the "Mormons" out of this land. So far as we could learn, only four of the papers would publish the articles, and they were papers with but a small circulation. We are never denied the use of press to advertise our meetings, and we are often given reduced rates. We have sent copies of the Book of Mormon to all public libraries. Three of them were returned. The one from Statelle had the following letter accompanying it: "We regret that we are unable to accept of this book so it is returned. We have the Bible in its proper form and we prefer recommending it. Respectfully, Teacher Olauf Gaystdal."

Much good has resulted from the suggestion made by President Talmage, "Let the affairs of a branch be given to the local brethren and the missionaries sent out among the strangers." We found that when elders settled in a branch, they actually did settle there. Those towns had been tracted so often that the people hated to see the elders come to their homes. Lately they have been going in groups of four or more. When they came to a city, a hall would be rented, advertisements put in the papers, the town tracted and the people told of the meeting. Many have been in attendance at those meetings and hundreds who knew nothing about the Gospel have heard it. Advertisements have also been inserted in a number of distant papers, telling of the restora-

tion of the Gospel and explaining the principles necessary to salvation, that tracts could be secured free upon request to the district president. Many have sent for tracts and become interested.

During the month of May we made an extended tour through the northern part of the country and had splendid results. We found many who had never heard of the Gospel's restoration and they listened to our teachings most gladly. At the meeting we held in Vardo, there were over five hundred present and, contrary to our usual experience, only about thirty were women. The others were fishers from the far-off islands of Lofoten and Vesterdaalen. They took all our Books of Mormon and pamphlets. We also visited some Lapplanders. They treated us with kindness and were eager to obtain our literature. The minister asked us not to do any work among them as they were so easily influenced and would make it hard for him in the future. This trip taught us that the harder we worked and the more interest we gave, the greater was the result. We were rewarded for our labors.

The Lord has been very kind to us. We have seen many marvelous cases of healing, and while we are not baptizing many converts, we are finding those who have been members and they are renewing their interest. We have met success with our Bee-Hive, M Men, Boy Scouts and Book of Mormon class in Oslo. If conditions were such that we could carry out all instructions from the General Boards, we would advance faster. A few are interested.

It would be a good thing for the mission if we had on record the interesting experiences of the Saints and missionaries in the establishment and progress of the mission. It would be easier to get them now than ten years hence. If any will send me such articles, they will be carefully preserved

and used to promote faith among our young.

We need missionaries. We have only fifteen in the mission and some of them will soon have to be released. While most of the people are indifferent to our message, still there are many

who would appreciate the visit of an elder. Too many think only of gratifying their desires. Many are unemployed—some on account of strikes, but most of them because of financial conditions. If only the people would accept the Gospel!

"THEY SHALL LAY HANDS ON THE SICK AND THEY SHALL RECOVER"

Elder Edgar T. Henderson, secretary of the Australian mission, sends the following to the *Era*:

While attending funeral services for Sister Rosina Pedlar, one of the oldest converts of South Australia, Sister Teenie Crane, wife of Brother Donald Crane of Adelaide, South Australia, contracted a severe cold. In a few days this developed into pneumonia. Brother Crane called for the elders and they administered to her. In the administration, they were impressed to promise her life, and, inasmuch as she expected to become a mother in a few months, that her child would live also.

Sister Crane was taken to the hospital, where little encouragement was given by the doctors for her recovery. Two days after her administration a child was born to her prematurely. The attending nurse marveled because the child was alive as the indications at his birth were that he would be born dead. The nurse remarked that she had never seen a case of its kind before. The doctors and

nurses of the hospital became much interested in the case because it was so unusual.

Sister Crane hovered between life and death for a few days. Her husband was sent for a number of times as they expected her to pass away at any moment, and on two occasions the doctor came personally for him. Their faith was tried exceedingly in the promise made by the Priesthood. Her first improvement was noticed the day that five humble "Mormon" missionaries fasted and prayed for her. Her improvement then became quite manifest as time passed.

Today Sister Crane is in her home with her child and the rest of her family. She is a living testimony of divine healing. One seeing her now after having seen her in the hospital would marvel that a person could be so completely restored. Her testimony, always strong, now makes a deep impression on all who hear it. Now she *knows*.

NOTABLE MISSIONARY GATHERING IN THE DANISH MISSION

Elder Orval D. Benson sends us the following report:

One of the most memorable missionary gatherings ever held in the Danish mission took place from August 9 to 13, during the visit of President John A. Widtsoe of the European mission. All the elders laboring in Denmark, 31 in number,

were present. With spiritual feasts, banquets, crowded meetings, etc., every moment of the time was taken up.

Mission President Joseph L. Petersen had given all the editors in the city (twenty-one in number) an invitation to attend the meetings and interview our distinguished visitor. This had the desired effect, and no

sooner had President Widtsoe arrived in the city than he was besieged by reporters. Lengthy and impartial interviews were given in the papers, together with pictures of Presidents Widtsoe and Petersen. Pictures of our chapel were likewise published.

Bulletins by the hundreds were displayed at the various news stands in the city, announcing the presence of our leader, and in the windows of the largest paper in the city an electric sign with huge letters proclaimed the arrival of "Mormonernes overste i Kobenhavn" ("Mormon" authorities in Copenhagen). Seldom if ever before has the coming of a European mission president been so widely heralded as in this case. Papers

throughout the provinces also made comments upon this visit.

The organizations of the Copenhagen branch did credit to themselves in the way they decorated the meeting place with an abundance of flowers and the national colors of America, Denmark and Norway. Two splendid banquets were also given in honor of President Widtsoe, the missionaries and visitors. Some of the latter had traveled more than one hundred miles to be present. The meetings were unusually well attended and spirited Gospel talks were given by our presidents.

President Widtsoe complimented our worthy leader, President Petersen, on the splendid condition of the Danish mission.



MISSIONARIES OF THE DANISH MISSION

First row, left to right: Anders P. Andersen; District President L. Aage Kjolby; District President G. Philip Jensen; Ida A. Petersen, president mission Relief Societies; European Mission President John A. Widtsoe; Mission President Joseph L. Petersen; District President Christian Dausel; District President Ole Anderson; Minnie Anderson; Genealogist Hans N. Ogaard. Second row: Theodore C. Jacobsen, Douglas Thomsen, Clarence B. Jacobs, Gunner M. Nielsen, Richard T. Andersen, Juel L. Andreasen, Niels J. Andersen, LeRoy Larsen, Sylvester W. Muir, L. Aldrid Christensen, Nephi M. Jorgensen, Clifton E. Henrichsen. Third row: James C. Ostegar, Seth J. Larsen, Max R. Christensen, Robert L. Erickson, Albert M. Olsen, Peter M. Andersen, George H. Carlsen, Ira A. Christensen, Anders Andersen, Orval D. Benson, Ellis P. Christiansen.



EDITOR'S TABLE

SHOOTING THROUGH THE LAW

The graphic object lesson of devotion to law given by Dr. George H. Brimhall in the January number of the *Era* is one which should be chiseled into the consciences of every patriotic citizen of our land. Here was a farmer, living near a forest reserve, who could not kill one of the many deer which had been causing him annoyance and loss by trespassing on his fields, because he would not know what to say to his boys if he should "shoot through the law."

What can any father say to his sons, or to his neighbors' sons, if he himself shoots through the law, or drives through it, or fishes through it? What can he say if he drinks or profanes through it? Circumstances may sometimes make a minor violation or even a more serious one seem justifiable, but in this day, when the spirit of lawlessness is becoming such a real national menace, every sober-minded man and boy, regardless of personal convenience or desire, should be impelled to do his bit toward adding dignity and prestige to the law.

Some really good but thoughtless people regard it as an indication of cleverness if they can evade the game, traffic or similar laws which seem to interfere with their pleasure. They are careful not to be caught, for therein lies the disgrace in their opinion, not in the violation itself. They sometimes boast of exploits along this line in the presence of their children or other young people. Even that great modern educator, the radio, brings to the listener the intimation that, in order to have a thoroughly good time, while on an excursion or enjoying a holiday, it will be necessary to wink at

the prohibition officer—an insult to him if he is honest and a dangerous suggestion if he is dishonest.

Violations of the eighteenth amendment and the Volstead law are so notoriously frequent as to cause national alarm. Some prominent men, with more reputation than character, profess to believe that these laws are an infringement on their personal liberty, and they, too, think they are clever, and in their own circles doubtless boast about it, when they succeed in evading the enforcement officers. And yet even these people will not seriously deny that many of the accidents as well as the crimes, accounts of which fill our daily papers, are traceable to violations of the liquor laws.

Here in Utah, after having committed the most revolting crime known to civilized communities, six men were turned loose upon the public during 1928. They had served, on an average, slightly more than two years in the state prison, though in some states their heinous offense is punishable by death. Five other degenerates who were sent to our penal institution for attempting to commit the same crime, and were only prevented because of some fortunate circumstances, were released also during 1928, after serving considerably less than an average of two years—twenty months and eight days to be exact. Parents of the victims of these atrocious acts will not feel that so early a release of these depraved criminals is lending any dignity to the law.

It is not likely that lengthening the term of imprisonment would act as a restraint upon the mind of a man with

such vicious instincts. Perhaps nothing short of the death penalty would do that, but at least there will be no repetition of their crimes as long as they are behind prison bars; and while they are serving their sentences our young people are imbibing a greater respect for the law.

The one thing that will bring about

a real improvement is a thorough Pentacostal awakening among our loyal citizens who, of course, far outnumber the other class. If they will with determination actually "STAND FOR LAW: FOR THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE IT, AND THE OFFICERS WHO ENFORCE IT," there will be an immediate improvement in the conditions.—C.

THE HAPPIEST PERSON I HAVE EVER KNOWN

BY HARDIN BENNION

She was born in an obscure English village, daughter of an unlettered laborer, youngest of nine children. School facilities and opportunities were negligible. At a very early age she found herself "out at service" in the homes of the neighborhood gentry. In one of these the walls of the servants' quarters were lined with newspapers, all of which were upside down, the purpose being to prevent the occupants from wasting time reading. No doubt this very fact, coupled with the well known characteristic of the English race to outwit and triumph over opposition, caused my mother to learn to read backwards and upside down, which she could do as well as in the ordinary way.

At twenty-two years of age she joined the "Mormon" Church and with three of her sisters sailed for America and Utah, to her the promised land, to reach which she walked the one thousand miles between Omaha and Salt Lake City. Two years later she married a man of sterling worth and uncompromising integrity, who, like her, had come to Utah for his religion's sake, and by whose side she walked and in whose love and confidence she dwelt, in ever-increasing measure, until he died.

Her love of literature, with its

humble beginning, grew and developed until she became a master of the English language. Soon after her marriage her house, with herself as teacher, became the school for the neighborhood children.

She became mother of nine children, and as they grew to manhood and womanhood the increasing time at her disposal permitted her to revel in the best of modern literature. She even did some writing on her own account, and at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876, she was accorded third place among writers of her own state.

Without vaulting ambition, yet with an aim sufficiently high to demand constant study and effort; with an abiding religious faith which demanded constant service and devotion to others; her children steadfast in the faith of their parents and standing in the respect and confidence of the community; and with a constant growth of appreciation of the good things in literature and the development and progress of the world, she grew old gracefully, it was said of her, abundantly prepared and satisfied to enter and with her husband preside in that eternal mansion which to her would be but a glorified and exalted edition of her earthly life and home.

PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS



All matters pertaining to the Aaronic Priesthood in this department are prepared under the direction of the Presiding Bishopric.

AN EXAMPLE WORTH FOLLOWING

Elder C. I. Goff recently made a report to the Presiding Bishop's office, which is so interesting that it is deemed worthy of publication.

"In appreciation of the labors of the Aaronic Priesthood of the East Jordan stake, the High Council Committee, consisting of C. I. Goff, Dr. C. C. Jensen, M. Burgess Andrus and Henry Jorgensen, conducted an excursion of the boys to Salt Lake City on December 28, last.

"They were first taken to the tabernacle, where two members of the Presiding Bishopric, Sylvester Q. Cannon and David A. Smith, explained the points and items of interest on the temple grounds, after which they examined the console of the great tabernacle organ and greatly enjoyed the organ recital rendered by Brother Tracy Y. Cannon.

"A visit was then made to the Desert Museum in the Bureau of Information building. Later a trip was taken to the state capitol, where special guides explained the various state exhibits showing Utah's great resources. The government room and especially the senate chamber and the house of rep-

resentatives were of great interest to the boys, as they had the privilege of sitting in the seats of the various presiding officers and law makers of the state and had explained to them the procedure of making laws, etc.

"The entire group of 173 with their guides, which in many cases consisted of ward bishops, bishops' counselors, scout leaders, and Aaronic Priesthood supervisors, proceeded to one of the theatres, where a very entertaining program was enjoyed by all. The caravan of 35 automobiles then proceeded homeward, arriving there after dark.

"The stake committee feels that some recognition should be given to all members of the Lesser Priesthood who are diligent and faithful in the discharge of their duties. It is, therefore, the intention of the committee to conduct two such excursions during each year, the first during the holiday season to various points of interest, and the other during the summer months, when the boys can get close to mother nature in the nearby canyons and resorts."

USHERING

We desire to call the attention of bishops of wards to the requirement of the Aaronic Priesthood activities which provides for regular assignment of duties and report of duties performed. At the present time our attention is called to the apparent condition of disorder in our meeting houses immediately preceding the opening exercises.

While it is a practice in many wards for a member of the bishopric to be stationed at the door to welcome those

who attend, practically no attention is given to the matter of seeing that they are properly seated. The result is, the seats near the rear of the building are filled first, leaving the front seats practically empty. We feel this condition should be reversed and the people of our wards encouraged to give more attention to this matter.

To encourage them further young men of the Aaronic Priesthood quorums should be stationed at the door. When the officer in charge extends

greetings to those entering he could at the same time assign one of these young men to escort them to their seats. This would lend an air of dignity to the proceedings and Church members, no doubt, would feel it their duty to occupy the seat to which they had been assigned by these young men.

We desire that there be in our places of worship at all times a spirit of peace,

love, and order. Thoughtful attention to these matters will not only impress upon older members their duty, but will develop in the young men who are called to take part a spirit of reverence and a desire to do their part in bringing about this most desirable condition.

Presiding Bishopric.

SYSTEMATIC SUPERVISION OF THE AARONIC PRIESTHOOD

The Stake Aaronic Priesthood Committee of Liberty stake is actively working to advance this great movement. They have sent to each ward an outline showing what the ward supervising committees can do to promote Priesthood activity.

Therein it is stated that the responsibility of doing the various things outlined should be placed definitely upon the individual committee members and class teachers in such a way as to assure the prompt and efficient performance of each duty without over-taxing any member. Everyone on the committee must have something important to do.

The aim of the program is, first, to save and train the boys; and second,

to render actual assistance and relief to the bishopric in the work of the ward. The work to be done is outlined under the following headings:

- (a) Find your membership.
- (b) Provide interesting and worthwhile classwork.
- (c) Keep the boys active in the ward and community.
- (d) Be missionaries.
- (e) Build upon and amplify these suggestions, and make a program of your own.

Under these various headings detailed suggestions are made which are very helpful in the matter of accomplishing the purposes set out in the outline.

SAMPLE LETTER BY YOUNG MAN PROPOSED FOR ORDINATION

The following letter was addressed to his bishop by a boy who had been invited to state his feelings regarding the proposed ordination:

Dear Bishop:

I have looked forward to this call for some time and think it is a great honor to be worthy of being ordained to the office of a deacon.

I will try at all times to do my best to magnify my calling.

Father said that he knew nothing better could happen to me in this world. I also consider the matter of being ordained a deacon a matter of great importance.

You can trust in me to fill the office of a deacon to the best of my ability.

Respectfully /yours,

We ought not to judge of men as of a picture or statue, at the first sight.—*La Bruyere*,



MUTUAL WORK



EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT

COOPERATION BETWEEN M. I. A. AND PRIMARY

Under the reassignment of the supervision of leisure-time activities for the Church, as approved by the general authorities, (M. I. A. *Hand Book*, p. 14) the Mutual Improvement Association and Primary Association are brought into close relationship and must cooperate constantly that the program may go forward successfully.

The Primary organization has prepared a schedule of four special recreational events for the year, to be conducted on afternoons—one in February, one in May, one in September, one in December—each to be the out-

growth of the three-months' activities preceding. These events are excellently planned and will meet the needs of the children of the Church. It is hoped that all M. I. A. officers will lend hearty support towards their accomplishment.

All ward events, supervised by the M. I. A., in which the entire membership participates—as, for example, ward reunions, picnics and excursions—should receive the full cooperation of the Primary Association, insofar as these events include the participation of children.

CONJOINT MEETING

Sunday, March 3, 1929

Read introduction to slogan:

"If the force of gravitation should be suspended for one moment, the earth would be annihilated. If iron, heated, should today expand, tomorrow contract, there could not be a machine shop in the world. If like did not unfailingly beget like, every hope of orderly life would be vain. If excellence were today the product of thoughtful labor, tomorrow the fruitage of indolence; if one might dissipate his energies and yet succeed, while another must forge his strength through exacting concentration—there would be no justice in life and there could be no formula of success and achievement. If wilful slander did not undermine confidence; if shameless immodesty did not imperil virtue; if guilt did not torment conscience—who could be taught the way of honor and uprightness? The law, the principle, is the instrument

by which man progresses and through which justice is assured."—Leo J. Muir.

Repeat slogan:

Topic: Springtime: Plowing and Planting.

Texts:

"Thus saith the Lord, to the men of Judah and Jerusalem, break up your fallow ground and sow not among thorns." Jeremiah 4:3.

"Sow to yourself in righteousness, reap in mercy, break up your fallow ground for it is time to seek the Lord till he comes and rain righteousness upon you." Hosea 10:12.

Address—Plowing—Member of Y. M. M. I. A.

What it means to the agriculturist.
Activity demonstrates faith.

Result of faithful devotion to duty.
Apply to responsibilities of youth.
Self-examination commended. See
I Corinthians 13:5.

David's yearning, "Create in me a
clean heart." Psalms 51:10.

Implies:

- a. Honest confession to self.
- b. Honest confession to God.

A Prophet's confession of weak-
ness. Pearl of Great Price,
"Writings of Joseph Smith."

Professor Karl G. Maeser: "No man
shall be more exacting of me than
I am of myself."

Memorize Article of Faith, 13.

Reference: Job 4:8; Matt. 15:13;
Luke 9:62.

Lesson: Expunge weeds or thorns
and eliminate unholy passions.

Musical selection.

Address—Planting—Member of Y.
L. M. I. A.

Sow not among thorns.

Parable of the sower: Matt. 13:3-8.

Application: C u l t i v a t e g o o d
t h o u g h t s. Read good books.
"Search the Scriptures." John
5:39; Doctrine and Covenants:
Sec. 130:18-19.

Seek knowledge:

- a. In conversation.
- b. In *Improvement Era* and in
Young Woman's Journal.
- c. Attend services and lectures.
- d. Keep good companionship.

Read hymn: "Though in the out-
ward church below." (Hymn
Book, page 277.)

ADULT DEPARTMENT

FINDINGS OF QUESTIONNAIRE

Courses of Study and Enrollment:

Out of 547 wards and 50 mission
branches reporting, 487 wards and
48 branches have one or more adult
classes.

54 wards and 4 branches are study-
ing Genealogy exclusively.

96 wards and 15 branches are study-
ing "Captains of Industry" exclusively.

98 wards and 9 branches are study-
ing *Moral Teachings of the New*
Testament exclusively.

10 wards and 2 branches are study-
ing "Current Literature" exclusively.

252 wards and 8 branches are com-
bining the courses.

4568 women in wards and 492 in
missions are enrolled in separate ses-
sion (7:45-8:30).

4277 women in wards and 524 in
missions are enrolled in joint session.

3596 men in wards and 444 in mis-

sions are enrolled in Priesthood ses-
sion.

3157 men in wards and 451 in mis-
sions are enrolled in joint session
(8:30-9:30).

Project:

174 wards are devoting one night a
month to a consideration of the pro-
ject. Many stakes report success in
putting it over. Some consider it at
union meetings, some by special lec-
tures and many are reported as "giving
it attention."

Book:

234 wards report successful activity
on the Reading Course Book, *From*
Emmigrant to Inventor.

Difficulties were along such lines as
the following:

Housing, lack of understanding of

new plan, plan too complex, lack of efficient teachers, irregular attendance, length of meetings, lack of cooperation on part of Genealogical divisions, diversity of subjects, Relief Society being held Tuesday night, Union

meetings unsuccessful because of many subjects.

Many wards report satisfactory progress, and many are pleased with Adult plans and methods of working them out.

THE SOUL OF CHINA

By Richard Wilhelm. Translated by J. Holroyd Reece. Harcourt, Brace, and Company, New York, 1928, 373 pages.

REVIEW WRITTEN BY DR. ELBERT D. THOMAS.

For centuries it has been held in China that every Chinese has three souls and, in addition, seven animal spirits. The animal spirits live only as long as the body. At death the souls are scattered. One goes to the future world to be punished or rewarded; one remains in the grave; and one goes into the ancestral tablet. In life one soul is permanently attached to the body. One has the power of leaving it. This makes it possible for a person to be in two places at the same time. Thus in the case of a man condemned to die, one soul may leave the body and witness in an objective way, not only the preparations for the execution, but also the sad anticipations of the condemned. Or to take a less gruesome example, the soul which may wander may leave the body and sit on a picture frame or an electric light fixture and watch that body at prayers!

Notice it the next time you attempt to concentrate. Note how true the Chinese idea seems to be. One part of you will always flit to some place where it ought not to be. Mr. Wilhelm thinks he has seen "the soul of China in the course of evolution." He has, and it is a multipartite soul, like the Chinese, which he has witnessed. But he has seen more, for the real soul which has been evolving has been Richard Wilhelm's. The book, except in its descriptions, is as

much about Europe as it is about China. The European part is quite unconscious, but it is there nevertheless. That is why it is a good book. Because the evolution of the soul of China is not a thing separate and independent, but is, in the big, merely a part of the rather jerky evolution of the soul of the whole world.

In the evolution of Richard Wilhelm's soul, we have a glimpse of the most healthful soul growth Europe is now witnessing. Richard Wilhelm went to Shantung in the early days of the glorious German imperialistic expansion. He must have surely arrived, as all other Germans who went to the Orient in those days did, full of the spirit of world conquest. It was the German Kaiser who coined the phrase "the Yellow Peril" and caused Russia and France to accept the theory. It was the German Kaiser who told his troops on their leaving to help relieve the Allies in Peking during the Boxer uprising, to show the Chinese what the word "Hun" meant! It was in keeping with the German Chinese policy that the hate-inviting inscription was placed on the Von Ketteler monument in Peking. To Kaiser shortsightedness may be charged much of the wrong that was done China in the early part of the century. It is a German who has seen German policies fail who now writes, "It is not the doctrine which makes men great, but it is man who makes the doctrines

great." "Precisely for this reason it seemed to me to be better to confine myself to a simple life in accordance with Christian principles, to influence them through work in school and hospital, to live together with people and become intimate with them." "There are even today a number of people who think themselves particularly clever when they prophesy a new Boxer rising." "The nightmare of the Yellow Peril belongs to the same realm." "The process of arriving at an understanding may bring many surprises with it, but an outburst of the 'Fist for the Protection of Public Peace' (Boxers) will not occur again." There, indeed, is the evolution of a soul!

The book, therefore, is important to the student of Far Eastern Affairs. It gives us the present-day German angle of this generation's scattering of the white man over the globe. Mr. Wilhelm is hardly exact when he implies that Germany and Russia have led in ridding China of her unequal treaties. True, German and Russia were the first of the great treaty powers to be without special treaty privilege in China, but in neither case did China's new status come as a gift from those two powers. China declared war on Germany which, of course, meant a renunciation of the German-Chinese treaties. And as Bolshevik Russia refused to assume the obligations of the Czarist Government, she, of course, could not demand the privileges, therefore her softened policy toward China.

These facts, though, do not detract from the contribution to the new China which Germany's and Russia's new status gives. It has often been pointed out that Russian and German merchants, freed from the restraint of their extra-territorial treaty rights and privileges, would be better off under Chinese law and jurisdiction than under their own, and that the American, British, and French mer-

chants would soon discover that fact and force their countries to a modification in time. But the success of the Nationalists has brought the issue sooner to the front. The unequal treaties are about to become matters of history.

Mr. Wilhelm went to Tsingtao, the German port in Shantung, in 1903. The book recounts his experiences in China during the last twenty-five years,—years of mighty changes. The incidents and travels recorded deal with North China, Shantung, and Chihli principally, although Mr. Wilhelm does mention trips to Sheusi and the Yangtse. Thoroughly trained in the Chinese spirit, he is conscious of the force of the southern Chinese and the power of the reforms which started in the South.

Mr. Wilhelm shows us that China will not become Bolshevik despite the fact that Bolshevik influence has been great in shaping modern events. No one who has known China's economic history has feared Bolshevism's influence in China. China has had two thousand more years than has the United States with a theory of private property exactly the same as our own. It would be easier to make America Bolshevik than China. The nationalist program is summed up for us in two sentences taken from the Chinese:

1. "All those who are not Chinese have no right to interfere in Chinese affairs."

2. "All those who are Chinese have a right to a voice in Chinese Affairs."

Number one means the end of the unilateral treaties and foreign special privilege. Number two means the reassertion of the principles of Chinese Democracy. A restoration of the Confucian and Mencian theories that Governments properly exist only for the sake of the people.

For four hundred years the white man has been spreading himself over the face of the world. At the present time the Chinese are expanding as they

have never expanded before. Twenty-five million of them are moving south, west, and north. Mr. Wilhelm has this to say of the Chinese as colonists: "The colonizing power of the Chinese is incredible. The stream of peasants and merchants pushes its way irresistibly towards the desert. If no serious set-back occurs, the Chinese advance is destined to open up wide stretches of the desert for cultivation. In such manifestations the great power can be seen which is innate in the Chinese people, for they do not come like parasites who fatten upon the wealth of others, but as colonists who turn the desert into tilled soil and make the territory of robber chieftains into well-ordered and well-directed districts for human habitation."

This is the ultimate answer to the present critical contest between China and Japan in Manchuria. For every Japanese who goes into Manchuria with a rifle or a machine gun, ten Chinese go with a plow. Manchuria will remain Chinese!

In the last paragraph of the book, Mr. Wilhelm sums up his thesis. "In the process of severing itself from the ties of time and space, humanity needs two things: the profound penetration into its own subconsciousness until from depths upwards, the road to all that is vital, which is experienced intuitively in a mystic and unified vision has become liberated. This is the possession of the East. On the other hand, it needs the ultimate intensification of the autonomous individual until it has acquired the power to match the whole pressure of the external world. This is the possession of the West. Upon this ground, East and West meet as mutually indispensable brothers."

In other words, the East needs the West's concept of the individual. And the West needs the East's ability to grasp the individual as a fraction of society instead of as an independent entity.

The Gospel of Jesus Christ as taught by the Latter-day Saints does that very thing. For in it, while individual responsibility is stressed, it is the individual in his social and eternal relationships that counts. The "Mormon" religion binds the present to the future and the past as does Chinese ancestor worship. Add to Jesus' concept of the freed responsible individual (as understood by Latter-day Saints) the Confucian family state, and you will have the Kingdom of God as the "Mormons" see it. Through "Mormon" social and religious (not theological) philosophy, the "East and West meet as mutually indispensable brothers." Through the "Mormon" spirit the East and the West meet in another way. There are old Taoist prophecies—Mr. Wilhelm calls our attention to them—which say, "Before long, a new Kingdom upon the earth will begin. It will be different from everything that has existed heretofore. It will encircle the whole world for the first time and not confine itself to one half. The salvation which is to come is to come for all. It is to manifest itself in the love towards men, also towards the lowly. He who is to bring it will be surrounded with divine authority so that the people will believe him without a struggle."

Can a "Mormon" read that without wishing to know more about the Soul of China?

Mr. Wilhelm appreciates Chinese civilization and admires it. He is confident that it will outlive the present change. His grasp of Chinese history and literature shows itself on every page. The book, therefore, will be liked more by those who through the study of the Chinese immortals already know the Soul of China.

The student who is unfamiliar with things Chinese will read *The Soul of China* with greater profit after he has read some of the following books:

Ball, *The Chinese at Home*.

Smith, *Village Life in China*.

Gowen, *Outline History of China*.
 Thomas, *Chinese Political Thought*.
 Treat, *The Far East*.
 Williams, *China Yesterday and To-*

day.
 The articles on Buddah and Confucius in the M. I. A. Manual, "The Champions of Liberty." (1927-28).

TEN OUTSTANDING MAGAZINE ARTICLES

Selected by a Council of Librarians, December, 1928

"Lincoln, Lover," Wilma Frances Miner, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

It is an announcement of greatest significance to lovers of Lincoln that the letters which he wrote to Ann Rutledge and she to him have at last come to light and are in the possession of Miss Miner, who reveals this obscure episode of Lincoln's Life.

"Twenty-Five Years of Flight," A. M. Jacobs, in *St. Nicholas*.

A history of the airplane, illustrated by photographs and maps of the air-mail routes in the United States today, with an introductory note by Harry F. Guggenheim, president of the Guggenheim Fund for Promotion of Aeronautics.

"The Cost of Prosperity," James Truslow Adams, in *Harper's Magazine*.

We boast loud and long of our "prosperity" and "high standard of living;" but Mr. Adams shows why he sees in this "high" standard little but hardship for the middle, and especially the professional, classes.

"The Man of Science," Edward M. Best, in *Scribner's*.

An eminent scientist discusses charges that he and his colleagues are high priests of a new cult, robbing men of spiritual and moral values. He goes behind the scenes to show what the scientist is driving at and what holds the researcher to his task.

"Prohibition and Public Health," Haven Emerson, M. D., in *Survey Graphic*.

Can the results of prohibition be measured and set down in cold statistical terms? A scientific statement of what has happened (aside from politics) since 1920, by the Professor of Public Health Administration at Columbia University.

"Justice by Formula," Julius Halheimer, in *Century*.

An appeal by an expert lawyer for a new concept of punishment, based upon some sound recognition of the criminal propensities involved in the various classes of felonies.

"The Psychology of Prohibition," Raymond Pearl, in *American Mercury*.

Why Prohibition? We desire apparent morality, explains Dr. Pearl, but have no desire really to ban liquor. He produces figures proving that prohibition is only to impress our neighbors, while we do as we please behind closed blinds.

"The Meaning of the Kellogg Treaty," Henry Cabot Lodge, in *Harper's Magazine*.

The grandson of the first American opponent of the Versailles Treaty analyzes the correspondence which preceded the Kellogg treaty and sees in it good reasons for the Senate to hesitate to ratify.

"Some Successful Parents," Dorothy Dunbar Bromley, in *Good Housekeeping*.

With brief consideration of the theories of behaviorists, Freudians, and others, the author reviews in detail the

actual methods and results of parents who have been conspicuously successful in the difficult business of parenthood.

"The Gutter, and Then What?"
Granville Hicks, in *Forum*.

O'Neil, Joyce, Dreiser, and their followers have been dredging the gutters for some time, says the author, and asks: Are they looking for something? He offers a provocative answer to his own question.

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COMMUNITY ACTIVITY DEPARTMENT

A REUNION IN EVERY FAMILY

Sociologists and philosophers are practically unanimous in regarding the home as the fundamental institution of civilization, and the family as its basic unit. Upon the strength and solidarity of family relationships depend the strength and solidarity of larger social institutions, and consequently great emphasis must be placed upon its importance.

The conception held by Latter-day Saints regarding the family is perhaps one step beyond that of scholars and educators who are not of our faith, for we hold the family relationship to be of eternal duration, hence of tremendous significance.

In arousing people to a realization of the importance of this matter, and the joy to be found in family co-operation and unity, it is quite certain that nothing would be more effective than a reunion in every family in the Church, and to this end the Community Activity Committee has adopted this as the project which they will sponsor and promote this year.

The project of a family reunion is based upon more than the mere desire for social relaxation. Underlying it is the need for deeper understanding, unity of purpose and finer appreciation for all members of the family and their ambitions and achievements. It is easy to lose sight of the paths our more distant loved ones are treading

but most desirable to keep in sight of them if possible.

Through the heart-warming contacts of a reunion, misunderstanding and disapproval sometimes vanish miraculously, and ties are firmly bound.

The program will vary in different families, as talent does not manifest itself uniformly. Music, dramatics, pantomime and tableaux, prognostications, glimpses into future and past, and many other suggestions might be used in preparing a program which will be of equal interest to adults and children. The following is suggestive:

Part I

Part I should include the more formal features, such as:

- (a) Community Singing.
- (b) Family Statistics—Births, marriages, deaths.
- (c) Who's Who and Where. (Significant items concerning the whereabouts and accomplishments of various family members.)
- (d) Excerpts from old diaries or early family reminiscences.
- (e) Report on progress of genealogical and temple work.
- (f) Round-table discussion relative to a desirable project to be undertaken by the family during the coming year.
- (g) Two-minute talks on subjects such as:

"My proudest moments as a—
(Brown)."

"Why I married a—(Brown)."
Given by In-laws.

"What I loved most in Grandfather."

"What I loved most in Grand-
mother."

"Looking backward and forward."
(Courtship and social customs of
the past, present and future.)

"What I hope to contribute to the—
(Brown) name."

(h) Dramatizations or tableaux repre-
senting pictures from the past:

"Grandfather's conversion."

"Entering the valley."

"Their first home."

"Bones from the family skeleton,"
etc.

(i) Music should be interspersed through-
out the program.

Part II

Part II should be informal in its nature
and include such things as:

(a) Refreshments.

(b) Anecdotes.

(c) Games (for adults and children).

(d) Dancing.

It is hoped that the Community
Activity Committee in every ward will
put forth every possible effort to carry
this project forward, and in doing so
realize the joy which comes as a result
of endeavoring to increase the joy of
others.

M MEN DEPARTMENT

M MEN-GLEANER NOTES

Joint Project: *We Shall Promote the Cultural and Aesthetic Value of the Dance.*

Questionnaire

On February 19, the date on which
the Gleaner girls are answering a
questionnaire on the work during the
year, it is desired that the M Men and
Gleaners both answer by individual
ballot the following questions on their
joint work:

1. Have you enjoyed the joint meet-
ings of M Men-Gleaners this year?

2. Have your lessons on Etiquette
and Fellowship been theoretical only
or have they also been practical?

3. Have you had the privilege of
taking active part in the demonstra-
tions, debating or discussions?

4. What improvement would you
suggest in the program of these meet-
ings for next year?

5. Would you prefer to have more
than one conjoint night a month?

Stake authorities, please send an-
swers from one representative ward.
They may be included with the secre-
tary's February efficiency report!

SLOGAN COOPERATION

What have you done to promote
the slogan in your class?

Are the traffic violations in our
communities due to ignorance of law
or to defiance?

Do all the M Men and Gleaners
who drive automobiles understand
thoroughly the rules and laws gov-
erning the road and traffic?

To make the slogan more effective
in the lives of the M Men and Glean-
ers it is suggested that an evening be
spent in studying traffic laws, pro-
hibition laws, and others which are
commonly disregarded.

QUALITY OF TONE

LESSON II

BY PROF. EDWARD P. KIMBALL

While correct tone placement, principles of resonance, proper breathing, etc., cannot be taught by mere description, still a consideration of some of these fundamentals will be helpful, and may serve to spur others on toward the study of the subject.

All authorities agree that good singing rests upon proper breathing. The revered Pachiarotti said, "He who knows how to breathe knows how to sing." The eminent William Shakespeare of London observes that "the two factors in perfect voice production are (1) freedom of the instrument, and (2) control of the breath pressure." Details of breathing and breath-control are so much matters of controversy that it would require great space to set forth all contentions. Authorities agree, however, on a number of things which are here enumerated. The full lungs should be used in breathing, instead of merely the upper portion. The body should be erect, with chest up, the shoulders held still, and Tetrzinni reminds us that all acts of breathing should be as natural as possible. This does not imply that the breathing capacity cannot and should not be developed by practice, but, to the contrary, development here is possible, just as in any other organ.

The chest is like a cone-shaped box, with the small end upwards; the back being the spinal column; the top, the base of the neck; the front, the breast-bone; the sides, the ribs, most of them connected to the breast-bone; the base is the diaphragm, a large muscular membrane. This is the air-tight compartment which holds the breath, all of which must make its exit through the windpipe. The diaphragm is supported by a mass of fibers extending downward and forward; attached to the body in front near the soft place

on the breast-bone, are the sixth and lower ribs, finally connected by two large masses of muscle to the backbone. When the lungs contain but little air, the diaphragm resembles an inverted basin, higher in the front than in the back. When a breath is drawn it contracts, and, becoming flatter, descends upon the organs underneath, so that considerable abdominal expansion is felt. The air-tight compartment is enlarged, and air is drawn from without to fill the increased space. As the lungs are filled, they descend with the diaphragm, and we experience a "deep breath." The singer must increase the supply of breath beyond what is required even in deep breathing, which he does by expanding the ribs. In all breathing, both in singing and in breathing exercises as such, the shoulders should be kept in their normal position.

Not only must the singers provide as large a supply of air as is possible, but all of it should be used in the tone, and this for two reasons: first, that the breath may not be wasted, and second, that the purity of the tone may not be marred by escaping breath not vocalized, "breathiness." "The secret of expressive singing is absolutely steady tone combined with a perfect legato, and neither of these desirable things can be achieved without perfect breath control; this matter applies to choral singing as forcefully as it does to solo work."

The quality and carrying power of the voice depend more upon the use made of the resonance cavities of the head than upon the violence with which the vocal chords vibrate. Musical instruments define their tone upon at least three things: the vibrating body, the force which sets the body in vibration, and the reinforcing medium of the tone thus produced (the

sound-board of the piano, the body of the string instrument, the tube of a brass instrument, etc.) In the voice, as with other instruments, the quality of tone depends upon the disposition of the parts of the "resonator," through which the breath must pass after it has set the vocal chords in vibration—throat, palate, tongue, jaw, cavities of the mouth, nose, and, in fact, the whole head to some extent. Some things which regulate tone are placement, keeping the tongue down, proper use of the nose as a resonator, proper focusing of the tone against the roof of the mouth, opening the mouth at just the right distance, forming the lips the correct way, etc.

Tone-quality, or "timbre," to use a technical term, has a large part in the interpretation of all music, though less important than either tempo or dynamics. But there are many passages in choral music which demand varying timbre in order to make it most effective.

To quote Gehrken:

"There are many passages in both choral and orchestral music in which the essential significance depends absolutely upon beauty or highness or plaintiveness or boldness of tone; and especially in choral music it is possible for the conductor to induce his chorus to bring out many more effects than is usually done. A positively ugly and raspy vocal tone may convey a certain dramatic effect that no mere variation in dynamics is able to bring about."

In support of the assertion that the employment of varying timbres, or "colors," is essential, let us consider some thoughts on the subject as expressed by Garcia: "Expression is the greatest law of all art * * * The human voice, deprived of expression, is the least interesting of all instruments." (*The Art of Singing*). "Timbres are one of the chief features of a true sentiment; the choice of them cannot be neglected without committing absurdities." Another writer, H. S. Kirkland, *Expression in Singing*, continues the statement of Garcia:

"Knowing as we do that the very nature of feeling is to change, it is an absurdity to suppose that concepts of widely contrasted emotional states, such as are frequently indicated in song texts, can be communicated through the use of uniform tone-color * * * A stopped clock points the time accurately twice a day, but such accuracy is purely accidental. Similarly, an unvarying color, when the idea chances to agree with it, may for the moment be fitting or expressive, but a coincidence of this kind is undesigned on the part of the singer, who, therefore, deserves no more credit for expressiveness than the stopped clock for accuracy. From this it is easy to understand Garcia when he says: 'Contradictory use of timbres explains why sounds that please in certain expressions, displease in others,—why a singer who never varies his voice gives only certain passages with truthfulness.'"

DICTION

LESSON III

The two elements in all pronunciation of words are the proper values which are given to the enunciation of vowels, and the articulation of consonants. One authority, Adcock, says: "Quality of tone depends on the vowels; but distinct utterance, upon

the consonants; if these are not clearly articulated, the sense of the words will be entirely lost. In the discussion of vowels we can do no better than consider the subject as it was elucidated recently by Anthony C. Lund, director of the Tabernacle choir, and a

member of the Church Music Committee. These are his views:

"In a number of languages vowel (vokale) is the word upon which vocalization is built. Then the scheme of learning to sing is described as vowel-making or vocalizing.

"It is very true that intonation alone will not give vocal work a good finished effect. I heard some Armenian Saints sing several of our hymns in fairly good time, but the vocalization was absolutely missing. A vowel! Yes, the most intensely human thing in the world. Every means known to physics in the university laboratories of the world have been exhausted to find a variable spacing that would shape as a human mouth primary vowels. Never a bit of success has been met with. A tone given out by the voice is first a vibration of the larynx. The vocal bands have their edges assist the flow of breath just enough to produce the vibration required.

"This vibration is augmented and beautified by the cavities and spaces and surface in the bony structure of the face.

"These resonances must be coordinated, and balanced so that the tubular spaces in the nose are present but not obviously so, the enclosed chest spaces giving its proper share of resonance. The arched roof of the mouth, the pharynx and the cuplike space just above the vocal bands, and the large spaces behind the nose, and the molar and sinus spaces all contribute to the augmentation and balance of tone. More than this the well defined primary and secondary vowels are the direct result of the mouth, in various forms or spacings. "I" is an up-tongue vowel; "o" is a low-tongue vowel; "e" is an up-tongue vowel, and "a" is a low-tongue vowel.

"The low-tongue is often inclined to draw back and spoil the spacing at the back of the mouth. The up-tongue instead of raising itself with a

lowered jaw, often does not work independently of the jaw, which should hang low and limp-like.

"The colors of tone, covered and open, arise from the fact that the lips act in two ways. In the covered tone the lips protrude somewhat, elongating the passage way. The result is greater earnestness and sympathy and greater solemnity in the tone.

"Lips away, teeth exposed and a lightsome beautiful tone results. Good for descriptive work in lighter vein, but lacking in depth or seriousness. Timbre and sentiment must agree.

"Every vocal tone must begin instantly true in pitch, instantly pure in the vowel, and the mouth spacing maintained to the end of the tone. Consonants, which are interruptions of the stream of tone or vowel, must be grouped and determinedly used as stroke material at the beginning of the tone. Our Italian friends get from their very language and its vowels a tendency for their mouth to fly open and remain so. Our language and vowels have a tendency for the mouth to fly open and shut.

"Artists, like late David Dispham, have shown that our language, properly given, lacks nothing of the supreme color which tints that most emotional of all things human—a vowel."

"All consonants form more or less of an obstruction or interruption to the vocal sound; but as the interruption is a natural one, and as distinction of utterance depends on that interruption, the singer should not attempt to shirk it, or lessen the value of the consonant on the ground that the vocal sound will be improved thereby. On the contrary, the full value must be given to articulate sound, and the necessary time for its completion must be allowed, or the result will be most unsatisfactory." (Clara Kathleen Rogers.) And Garcia: "Expression depends greatly on the weight and strength given to articulation. Consonants express the force of

a sentiment, just as vowels express its nature. We are always impressed by words strongly accentuated, because they appear to be dictated by some acute passion."

It is customary to think of a consonant as merely a letter of the alphabet, and, in speaking, to give it a name which usually consists of the consonant itself plus a vowel. If we eliminate the vowel sound, the remaining consonant proves to be a more or less disagreeable sound, the result of a partial or a complete interruption to voice or to the breath; in this sense the consonant should be understood. It is helpful to locate the principal points at which these obstructions occur. A simple classification might be the following: first, at the lips, as P, B, M, W.; second, at the tip of the tongue and the hard palate or the upper front teeth, as G (soft), J, T, D, L, S, R, Z, N; third, at the base of the tongue and the soft palate, as in Q, K, X, G, (hard). Being a classification by place, these groups may be distinguished as labials, pinguals, and palatals. According to the way in which they are made, consonants are

also divided into two classes; aspirates, made only with the breath; vocals, which have some voice sound. Here much help can be given if a competent vocalist can be secured to give a practical demonstration. In order to point the way around some faults, and show some dangers likely to be met in the use of consonants, the following list from A. M. Bell is presented in conclusion:

"Make clean our hearts" often sounds "Make lean our hearts."

"Can the African change his skin?" often sounds "Can the African chain his kin?"

"Or the leopard his spots?" often sounds "Or the leopard his pots?"

"The cold ground" often sounds "The coal ground."

"An ever better way" often sounds "A never better way."

"An ice drop" often sounds "A nice drop."

"A sad dangler" often sounds "A sad angler."

"Chaste stars" often sounds "Chase tars."

"Pain nobody" often sounds "Pay nobody." Etc.

MAINTENANCE OF PITCH

LESSON IV

There is no greater sin to be committed in vocal performance than wandering from pitch. It is looked upon as inexcusable in any singer and will have much to do with eliminating a contestant who is guilty of it. Inexperienced singers may not be aware that they leave the pitch, so the first cure for it is to test the pitch at the end of a certain part with the instrument which has been used to give the pitch in the first place. Usually it is not all the voices in the quartette that will wander simultaneously from pitch. The offender will generally be an important or predominating voice possessed of a less perfect ear or committing one or more of the common

faults enumerated below. When one voice leaves the pitch the other voices, especially if they belong to persons with keen ears, will at once begin to adapt themselves to the new pitch, and very soon the whole group will be singing in a new key. Every quartet ought to watch very carefully for a voice that has a tendency to leave the pitch, and if one be found every possible remedy should be used to correct it; but when it is impossible to keep it on pitch it should be eliminated from the group, because the rendition will always suffer where this fault is left uncorrected in one or more voices.

Most commonly singers will sing flat; more rarely, sharp, due in large

part to nervousness, especially in the tenor. The causes for off-key singing may be defined as follows:

- a. Improper tone production.
- b. Too much chest in the tone.
- c. A faulty ear.
- d. Improperly developed ear.
- e. Practicing with an instrument

. that is out of tune.

- f. Forcing the tone.
- g. Dragging and logginess in rendition.

The remedy, either in groups or individually, will be to drill and train in the opposite direction from the practice that is causing the deficiency.

VANGUARDS AND SCOUTS DEPARTMENT

BOY SCOUT WORLD JAMBOREE

BY OSCAR A. KIRKHAM

WHO MAY GO

Thirty thousand Boy Scouts from forty to fifty nations of the world will come together this summer, July 31 to August 13, 1929, at Arrowe Park, Birkenhead, near Liverpool, England, to celebrate the 21st Birthday of Scouting under the leadership of Sir Robert S. S. Baden-Powell. A thousand or more Scouts will go from the United States. How many Latter-day Saint boys will attend this great gathering?

1. The objectives of this trip shall be four-fold:

- (a) To observe the methods and programs of Scouts of other nations.
- (b) To display as nearly as possible the normal Troop and Patrol activities of the Boy Scouts of America.
- (c) To stimulate, both through preparation for and reports of the Jamboree, a wider interest in Scouting according to best approved methods, and with the highest type of leadership.
- (d) To foster the spirit of brotherhood and friendliness among the boys of the world,

Leaders.

1. All leaders of troops or separate patrols shall be registered Scout officials with a satisfactory record in Scouting for one full year or more before date of issuance of Jamboree credentials, including successful experience in camping and hiking.

2. Each leader must give a satisfactory health record on blanks to be furnished, and submit to required medical examination to establish physical fitness, and to such inoculations as may be specified in the application blank.

3. Each adult leader must have had successful experience as a leader in camping and hiking.

Scouts.

1. Only registered Scouts, in good standing and who have been active members for at least one year previous to May 1, 1929, and who have all-round camping and Scouting experience as outlined in the Camping Merit Badge Requirements, will be eligible as members of a patrol or troop.

2. An approved medical examina-

tion showing physical fitness will be required, certified on blank to be furnished, including successful inoculations as specified.

3. Record of Scout-like conduct, good sportsmanship and normal response to leadership will be required.

Equipment.

1. The regulation Scout uniform as prescribed for the Jamboree will be worn by all Scouts and leaders at all times from home to home.

2. Suitable camping and traveling equipment will be required, according to standards prescribed, to pass rigid inspection by representatives of the Jamboree Committee.

3. Insignia, pennants, and regalia worn or displayed en route must be approved and in keeping with the spirit and purposes of the occasion.

Expense.

The following items are given only as a guide as to possible expense:

Railroad Rate—Salt Lake—	
New York and Return	\$135.95
(Summer Excursion Rates)	
Sleeper, Salt Lake, New York and Return (Two in Lower)	25.00
Meals, Salt Lake, New York and Return	25.00

Boat, New York-England and Return	225.00
(Tourist U. S. Lines. This may be reduced about \$50.)	
Rations at Jamboree Camp	10.50
Reserve and Overhead of Jamboree Delegation	25.00
	\$446.45
Incidentals and spending money	53.55

Total approximate cost \$500.00

We have received word already that a possible delegation of Boy Scouts affiliated with the Latter-day Saint Church will be at the Jamboree from Germany. There still remains practically seven months before this great event. With careful planning, thrift, and enterprise, a Scout may be able to earn and save almost the amount necessary to make this wonderful trip, and enjoy the fellowship of these thirty thousand Scouts from all parts of the world.

Many Boy Scout Councils are preparing plans whereby one or more boys may be sent as official delegates of their Council. Many parents who can afford this amount, and who have qualified Scouts in their families, will also welcome this opportunity.

Y. M. M. I. A. EFFICIENCY REPORT, DECEMBER, 1928

STAKE	Meetings	Organization	Membership	Avg. Attendance	Special Activities	Sunday Evening Joint Session	Leadership Tr. Meetings	Department Work	Improvement Era	Fund	Total Points
Bear River	5	8	5	15	6	4	5	11	6	6	71
Beaver	7	12	4	12	6	10	10	12	4	7	84
Box Elder	20	15	11	13	18	10	11	24	10	10	142
Cache	15	21	8	17	14	9	8	24	11	6	133
Cottonwood	4	17	12	12	18	10	14	28	6	17	138
Deseret	9	13	15	11	11	8	7	22	7	8	111
Ensign	18	19	11	13	16	10	10	28	6	3	134
Granite	11	13	6	12	12	7	12	16	4	1	94

STAKE	Meetings	Organization	Membership	Avg. Attendance	Special Activities	Sunday Evening Joint Session	Leadership Tr. Meetings	Department Work	Improvement Era	Fund	Total Points
Grant	10	12	6	7	10	10	8	15	2	8	88
Gunnison	12	18	11	12	20	9	10	40	9	10	151
Hyrum	10	9	6	14	10	4	4	14	7	6	84
Kolob	15	17	10	10	10	1	3	20	5	7	98
Logan	10	12	10	9	12	8	10	12	6	5	94
Nebo	9	11	7	7	7	7	7	15	4	7	81
North Davis	8	15	7	11	13	7	11	22	5	11	110
Ogden	7	7	5	5	7	5	5	17	3	5	66
Oquirrh	16	17	12	11	15	10	11	22	4	8	126
Salt Lake	16	18	9	12	17	9	9	21	6	7	124
Sevier	5	21	13	15	20	10	10	32	7	7	140
South Davis	19	20	14	14	20	10	23	34	7	20	181
South Sanpete	6	10	5	4	6	4	3	13	1	---	52
South Sevier	9	7	8	6	8	5	---	9	3	6	61
Timpanogos	12	17	16	12	8	10	7	22	23	21	148
Uintah	4	4	9	4	---	---	---	14	5	3	43
Weber	13	16	8	14	12	10	13	21	5	9	121
Blaine	6	4	4	14	3	10	---	6	3	1	51
Cassia	16	13	10	10	20	10	12	15	8	8	122
Franklin	14	15	13	13	12	9	8	20	17	16	137
Fremont	16	18	13	13	17	10	12	26	11	8	144
Idaho	8	18	15	12	5	10	10	22	10	10	120
Idaho Falls	9	13	9	15	12	10	4	14	10	11	107
Lost River	14	11	8	11	7	10	15	10	7	17	110
Minidoka	8	9	6	6	7	4	5	16	4	6	71
Oneida	8	12	8	18	9	7	8	14	10	8	102
Portneuf	3	10	7	11	9	5	3	13	11	8	80
Shelley	9	9	6	11	4	6	3	13	4	6	71
Teton	6	10	8	2	10	7	3	---	10	8	64
Twin Falls	10	9	8	8	8	6	---	12	6	6	73
Yellowstone	7	12	9	8	11	7	7	13	8	10	92
Big Horn	10	11	5	15	5	2	5	4	7	3	67
Star Valley	4	7	5	11	5	4	2	7	---	3	48
Moapa	7	12	11	6	10	6	5	9	21	23	110
Hollywood	12	15	14	13	10	9	12	16	8	13	122
Los Angeles	13	15	13	11	13	8	15	26	10	14	128
San Francisco	16	14	12	16	19	10	18	21	22	14	162
Taylor	10	14	10	12	10	7	8	22	11	7	111
Woodruff	15	18	7	15	10	8	3	11	8	12	107
Central States Mission	8	5	18	16	4	4	---	5	2	8	70
Northwestern States Mis.	18	14	15	15	15	10	10	19	15	23	154



CHURCH EVENTS

For a number of years the *Era* has had a department conducted under the head of "Passing Events." The items appearing therein have been prepared by Elder J. M. Sjodahl, who has done this work, as he does all work assigned to him, in a most efficient manner. However, the changes which modern times are introducing into our communities, the wide distribution of newspapers, weekly magazines and the use of the radio, bring into practically every family the current news of the day before our readers can possibly receive it through the *Era*.

It has been decided, therefore, to abandon this department and institute in its place a page to be called Church Events. This will contain information, in a condensed form, which readers of this magazine are not so likely to hear over the radio, nor even to see in the daily papers. The aim will be, of course, to print items which will be of general and not merely local interest. But local officers are invited to send in news of important events which occur in their fields, and as far as possible these will be printed.

* * *

During 1928, the first regular missionaries of our Church began proselyting in Alaska, having been sent there by President W. R. Sloan, of the Northwestern States mission. President Heber J. Meeks of the Kanab stake, who was serving as a short-term missionary in the northwest, led the expedition, and several baptisms resulted from their efforts.

* * *

On the eve of the new year, the Lincoln ward was organized in the Granite stake. It comprises what was formerly the south part of the Richards, the north part of Forest Dale

and a small part of Sugar House wards. Charles R. Snelgrove, Jr., was made bishop with Fred J. Ball and Huron R. Free as counselors. In the reorganization of Forest Dale, George S. Spencer was made bishop, with Eugene M. Cannon and Arthur T. Burton as counselors. A. Frank Barnes, Jr., Daniel H. Vincent and David W. Evans make up the new bishopric of the Richards ward.

* * *

President James H. Moyle was recently appointed as successor to President Henry H. Rolapp of the Eastern States mission. He was accompanied to his new field by Elder Richard R. Lyman, of the Council of the Twelve, and assumed the responsibilities of his new calling. In his young manhood President Moyle filled a mission to the Southern States.

* * *

Effective on January 1, 1929, the Eastcentral States mission is added to our already rather lengthy list. To form this new unit, West Virginia is taken from the Eastern States mission and Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee and Kentucky from the Southern States mission. President Miles L. Jones is placed at the head of the new field and will have headquarters in Louisville, Kentucky. The transfer of affairs and the installation of President Jones was effected by Elder Stephen L. Richards, of the Council of the Twelve. This makes twenty-eight organized missions in the Church, counting the Armenian which has no president at the present time, owing to the sudden death of President Joseph Wilford Booth. There are 101 stakes in the Church and 1012 wards and independent branches. This of course does not include branches in the missions.

Elder Don Mack Dalton, accompanied by his wife and child, left Salt Lake recently for the South African mission, where he has been called to preside. He will relieve President Samuel Martin. This will be President Dalton's third mission. His first was to the Central States and his second, a short-term, to the Eastern States. Since 1923, he has served as counselor to Bishop George A. Soderborg in the Burton ward of the Grant stake. Since his departure the bishopric has been reorganized with Alma

Kasteler as bishop and Paul I. Paulson and Verne Mackay as counselors.

* * *

President A. William Lund, recently appointed to preside over the British mission, has opened headquarters in the city of Birmingham. Durham House, at 295 Edge Lane, Liverpool, will still be headquarters of the European mission. This change will relieve President John A. Widtsoe of details pertaining to the work in the British Isles, enabling him to devote more time to continental fields.

THE PERSONALITY OF GOD

A sectarian minister, walking down a street in London, met a boy returning home from Sunday School. Putting his hand on the boy's head, the minister said, "I presume, my boy, you have been to Sunday School?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you like to go to Sunday School?"

"Yes, sir."

"You learn many good things there."

"Yes, sir."

"You learn about God and his wonderful works."

"Yes, sir."

"Where is God, my little man?"

"He is in heaven, sir."

"That is true, God is in heaven; but he is also everywhere; he fills the whole universe."

The boy looked up in astonishment and asked: "Is God here?" pointing to the place where they stood.

"He is."

"Is he behind that stone wall?"

"He is."

"Could he come through that stone wall?"

"He could."

"Could he go from here to yonder?"

"Yes, he could go from here to yonder."

"Then you are mistaken," said the boy, "for if God were everywhere, there would be nowhere for him to go."—*W. A. Morton.*

It is a plain old book, modest as nature itself, and as simple, too; a book of an unpretending work-day appearance, like the sun that warms or the bread that nourishes us.

A book that looks on us as truthfully and benignantly as the old grandmother who, with tremulous lips and glasses on her nose, reads it every day. And the name of this book is simply—the Bible.—*Heine.*

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You may crack, you may break the old South, if you will; but a few million Democrats live in it still.—*Pickerill Service.*

* * * * *

"Do you notice any change in me?"

"No, why?"

"I've just swallowed a nickel."—*Exchange.*

* * * * *

A lady put on a new gown to go to a dinner dance, and she entered her husband's dressing room, pirouetted before him like a circus girl, and said: "This is my new gown, dear. Isn't it becoming?"

"It may be coming," remarked her husband, "but I'm here to say a lot of it hasn't arrived yet."—*Boston Transcript.*

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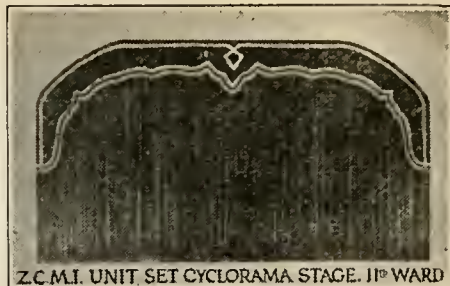
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"Three subway trains, one after another, ran over George Hicks of Ozone Park, this morning, and were practically uninjured."—*Chicago Paper*.

* * * * *

Paula: "Pansy won a loving cup last night."

Paul: "Oh! I didn't know they gave prizes for that."—*The Pathfinder*

* * * * *

"So your name is George Washington?" mused the old lady.

"Yessum," replied the small colored boy.

"I'm sure you try hard to be like him, don't you?"

"Lak who?"

"Why George Washington, of course."

"Ah kaint help bein' lak Jahge Washington, 'cause dat's who I is."

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"Were you fired with enthusiasm when you tackled your first job after leaving college?"

"Was I? I never in my life saw a man so glad to get rid of me."—*The Monitor.*

* * * * *

Lot's wife, it is said, looked back and turned into a pillar of salt, and we know a fellow who looked back and turned into a telephone pole.—*The Monitor.*

* * * * *

Elevator Man: "Jimmie, your face is dirty."

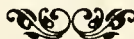
Jimmie: "What's it to you? You ain't my dad."

Elevator Man: "No, but I'm bringing you up."—*Exchange.*

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Utah Home Fire Ins. Co.
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Zion's Co-operative Merc. Inst.

A Maiden's Prayer: "Dear Lord, I ask nothing for myself! Only give mother a son-in-law."—*Exchange*.

* * * * *

"I hear Grauss and Myer are looking for a new cashier. Is it true? They engaged a new one only a month ago."

"That's the one they're looking for."—*Good Hardware*.

* * * * *

Employer: "Late again, Smith."

Clerk: "I'm sorry, sir, but last night my wife presented me with a boy."

Employer: "She'd have done better to present you with an alarm clock."

Clerk: "I rather fancy she has, sir."—*Passing Show*.

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